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EDITED BY

MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.

SECOND SERIES.

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The Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D.,

Nether-Lochaber.

MODERN GAELIC BARDS.

Rev. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D.,

"Nether-Lochaber."

1829-1901.

THE Rev. Dr Alexander Stewart, better known as "Nether-Lochaber," was born in the island of Benbecula, one of the Outer Hebrides group, in the year 1829. His father, descended from the Stewarts of Invernahyle and Glenbuckie, was an officer of Inland Revenue in the Outer islands for upwards of twenty years. While Dr Stewart was still young, his father removed to Oban, where the son received his early education. Afterwards he attended the parish school of Kirkmichael, Perthshire, and entered the University of St Andrews in 1843, where he graduated with distinction.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Paisley in 1851, and in the same year was presented by the Crown on the unanimous petition of the people to the parish of Ballachulish and Ardgour, and there he remained until death, his single pastorate extending to almost fifty years. It was his deliberate choice, as he had many tempting offers from the South as well as from the North; but he was happy in his surroundings, and became so attached to the people and the place that no preferment could tempt him from them.

A connection with the *Inverness Courier*, first formed under the editorship of the late Dr Carruthers, continued for nearly forty years. To that paper he contributed a long series of fortnightly letters, in which he treated of a wide range of subjects. Highland history, tradition, and legend—indeed, every lore peculiar to the Highlands—Gaelic poetry, natural history, and descriptions of Highland scenery were given forth in these articles in picturesque and charming style, and soon made the name of "Nether-Lochaber" a household word. Natural history and Highland folk-lore and customs were his peculiar delight, and he revelled in these subjects.

He wrote as one with authority on English poetry and history. He kept his reading abreast of the literature of the day, and his papers never lacked up-to-date freshness.

Dr Stewart edited in 1876 an annotated reprint of Logan's "Scottish Gael." He is the author of two charming volumes, "Nether-Lochaber," issued in 1883, and "'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe," 1885. He also contributed largely to periodical literature.

In 1884 the University of St Andrews, his *alma mater*, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., in recognition of his eminence as a scientist and litterateur. In 1876 he was elected an F.S.A. of Scotland, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, and of the Geographical and Natural History Societies of Glasgow. He was also a corresponding member of several learned Societies on the Continent.

In 1852 Dr Stewart was married to Miss Morrison, of Sallachan House, Ardgour, eldest daughter of the late Captain Morrison, R.N., with issue, one son and two daughters.

Arrangements had been in course of preparation for the celebration in April 1901 of the attainment of his jubilee as minister of Nether-Lochaber, but he died in

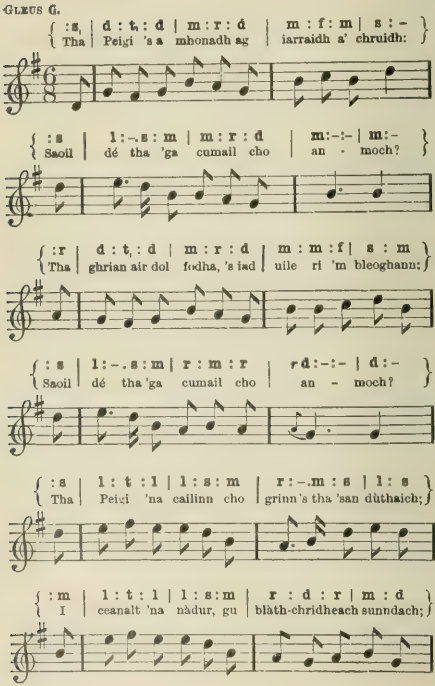
the month of January. Rather more than a year previously, while pruning a plant with his pocket knife, he received a puncture in the left leg which lead to a long and serious illness from blood poisoning. Although able to resume his literary labours, he never recovered his former strength and vigour, and he passed away as already stated.

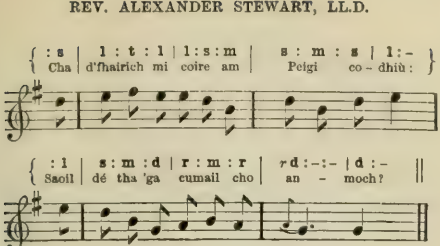
Personally he was one of the most warm-hearted and genial of men. His remains are interred at Nether-Lochaber, and on a prominent spot beyond Onich a monument erected to him forms a conspicuous land-mark. It consists of a Celtic granite cross, which stands some 20 feet high, the shaft of the cross bearing elaborate Celtic interlacings. The die bears the following inscription:—"In memory of Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. For fifty years minister of Ballachulish and Ardgour. Died 17th January 1901, in the 72nd year of his age. Scholar, naturalist, seanachie, and bard. Distinguished for the variety and charm of his writings; dear to all who knew him, and most dear to those who knew him best." This inscription is followed by an appropriate verse from the Gaelic Scriptures (1st Kings iv. 33), and the intimation that the cross was erected by his friends under the auspices of the Stewart Society. The memorial was unveiled by Colonel Stewart of Ardvorlich on 18th July 1903. The Gaelic verse is so appropriate that we quote the words in English:—"And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

THA PEIGI 'S A MHONADH.

Fonn le Iain Mac Calum.

Gleus G.





Tha Peigi 'sa mhonadh ag iarraidh a' chruidh:
Saoil dé tha 'ga cumail cho anmoch?
Tha 'ghrian air dol fodha,
'S iad uile ri 'm bleoghann:
Saoil dé tha 'ga cumail cho anmoch?
Tha Peigi 'na cailinn cho grinn 's tha 'san dùthaich;
Ceanalt 'na nàdur, 's i blàth-chridheach, sunndach;
Cha d' fhairich mi coire am Peigi co-dhiù—ach
Saoil dé tha 'ga cumail cho anmoch?

B'i màthair mo Pheigi 'bha labhairt nam briathran—
"Saoil dé bha 'ga cumail cho anmoch;
"A' ghrian air dol fodha;
"'S an crodh iad ri 'm bleoghann
"Saoil dé bha 'ga cumail cho anmoch."
"Cha ruigeadh i leas 'bhi cho fada 'gan sireadh,"
Thuirt a màthair 's i 'càramh fòid mòin' air an teine;
"Cha robh iad trath-nòin ach air lòn Dhail-na-Mine.
Saoil dé tha 'ga cumail cho anmoch?"

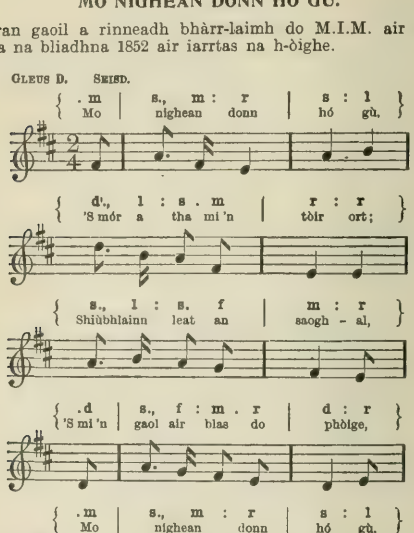
Bha mise le Peigi ag iomain a' chruidh
(Cha robh cabhag no guth e 'bhi anmoch!)
Gu 'n d' thug mi mo phòg dhi,
'S mo ghealladh a pòsadh—
'S e siod bha 'gar cumail cho anmoch.
Mu dheireadh, nuair dh' fhàg mi mo ghràdh aig a' chachaille,
Thuirt a màthair ri Peigi "dé idir a thachair dhuit?
Mur biodh Cailean am fleasgach òg, speisealt, air tachairt ort,
'S e mo bheachd-sa nach biodh tu cho anmoch!"

Air feasgar Di-haoine 's ann rinn sinn an còrdadh,
(B'e mo bheatha ged dh' fhan mi glé anmoch),
'S air an t-seachdain 'na dhéidh sin,
Gu'n d' fhuair mi dhomh fhéin i,

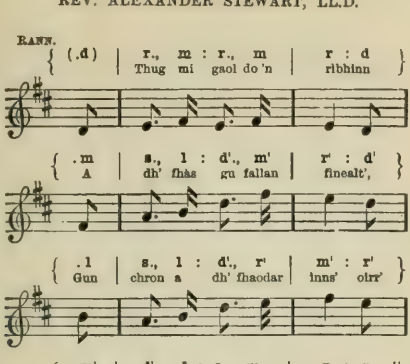
'S thug mi leam do Ghleann-Eit' i 'san anmoch.
Tha mi nise cho sona ri neach anns an dùthaich,
'S mo Pheigi ri m' thaobh an àm cadail is dùsgaidh,
'S mòr gur feàrr leam na stòras an Rìgh air a' chrùn,
A bhi brìodal ri m' rùn moch is anmoch.

MO NIGHEAN DONN HÓ GÙ.

Oran gaoil a rinneadh bhàrr-laimh do M.I.M. air ceud latha na bliadhna 1852 air iarrtas na h-òighe.



RANN.



SEISD:—

Mo nigheann donn hó gù,
'S mór a tha mi 'n tòir ort;
Shiùbhlainn leat an saoghal,
'S mi 'n gaol air blas do phòige,
Mo nighean donn hó gù,
'S mór a tha mi 'n tòir ort.

Thug mi gaol do 'n ribhinn
A dh' fhàs gu fallan fìnealt';
Gun chron a dh' fhaodar ìnns' oirr'
O bhàrr a cinn gu bròg an.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

'S gur h-àlainn leam do chuach-fhalt
'Na chamlagan mu d' chluasaibh;
'S an dath a ta 'nad ghruaidhean,
Cha d' fhuaras ach air ròs e.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

Cas eutrom air an ùrlar,
Co-fhreagrach do phort siùbhlach,
Oigh uasal nan ceum lùghmhor,
Mar long le stiùir a' seòladh.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil buaidh ri àireamh
Nach fhaighear ann am Màiri,
Lamh gheal do 'm math 'n tig fàinne,
'S de 'n chlàrsaich bheireadh ceòl dhuinn.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

'S mar òg-mhios Mhàigh do shùilean;
Gach creutair ni iad sunndach,
'S do chorp mar chrann 'san ùr-choill—
Gu fiùranach, glan, lòghmhor.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

'S mar tha do chom tha t'inntinn:
Neo-mhearachdail, deas, cinnteach;
Blàth chridhe glan gun ìnnleachd
Ach fìrinn mar bu chòir ann.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

'S e 'n t-snaim 's an ceangal dìleas—
'S gur taitneach sgeul na fìrinn—
A dh' alp mi ris an sgìreachd;
Do mhìog-shuilean bòidheach!

Mo nighean donn, &c.

Anns a' chrannaig air Di-dòmhnaich,
Le m' bhannan geal 's le m' chleòca
Bidh 'n t-searmoin maith, 's bu chòir di,
Le gaol is stiùir is seòl di.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

Aig suidhe seanadh 's cléire,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhoibh 's a' leughadh,
Gu'm bi mo chridhe gleusda
Le beusan na h-òighe.

Mo nighean donn, &c.

'S gur aighearach a dh' fhalbhainn
Rì oidhche ghreannaich, ghailbhich,
Far aiseag sìos do Shalachan
Gu seanchas na h-òg-mhna,
Mo nighean donn, &c.

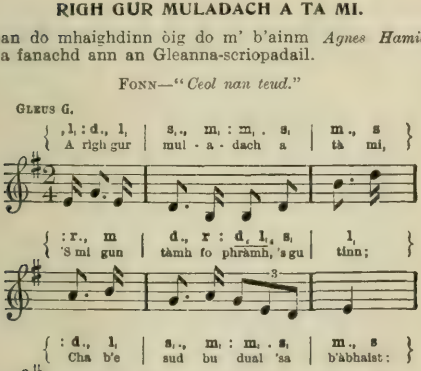
Ceud latha na bliadhn'-ùire,
O'n tha gach cridhe sunndach,
Deoch slàinte dhuit-sa 'rùin;
Ged bu Diùc mi, 's e dh' òlainn.
Mo nighean donn, &c.

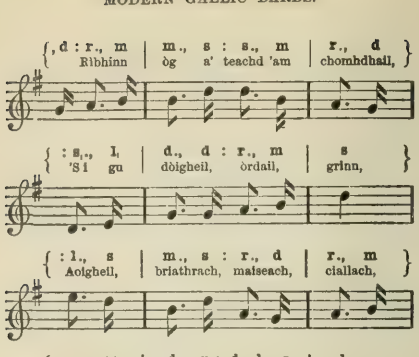
Ach thug mi dà-rann-diag dhuit
'S tha 'n t-àm 'bhi tarruinn srian ris;
Tha dà-mhios-diag 's a bhliadhna,
'S gu'n cuir mi crìoch air m' òran.
Mo nighean donn, &c.

RIGH GUR MULADACH A TA MI.

Oran do mhaighdinn òig do m' b'ainm *Agnes Hamilton*, a bha fanachd ann an Gleanna-scriopadail.

FONN—"*Ceol nan teud.*"





Rìgh gur muladach a tà mi,
'S mi gun tàmh fo phràmh, 's gu tinn;
Cha b'e sud bu dual 'sa b' àbhaist:
Gheibhinn fàilt an àird a' ghlinn.
Rìbhinn òg a' teachd 'am chòmhdhail,
'S i gu dòigheil, òrdail, grinn,
Aoigheil, briathrach, maiseach, ciallach,
Guth neo-thiamhaidh, ciatach, binn.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mi bhi brònach,
Chaidh mi 'n diugh le seòl do 'n ghleann,
Sguab a' ghaoth a' bhìrlinn eutrom
Null air chaol gu taobh nam beann;
'S thog mi orm air cladach rèidh-mhìn,
'S bha mo cheum gu h-éibhneach luath,
'S choinnich mise 'n òigh mar b'àbhaist,
Ach bha gnùis gun ghàire—fuar.

Mar a sheargas gaoth a' Mhàirt
Am blàth a's àird' gu tràth le fuachd,
'S mar a dhorchaicheas gath gréine
Nuair a thig an neul le gruaim,

Ceart mar sud mo chridhe shearg e,
Ceart mar sud ghrad dh' fhalbh mo shnuadh,
Bha mi òg 's mi dol a null—
Ach thill mi sean, neo-shunndach, truagh.

C' ar son, a luaidh, a thug thu fuath dhomh
Cha robh deas no tuath ach thu
Do 'n tug mise teas-ghaol m' òige
Ach do 'n té bu bhòidhche cùl;
Maighdeann gheal an leadain àlainn,
'S i gun chron o bàrr gu bonn,
Corp gun fhiaradh, deas-cheum ciatach,
B'e do choimeas ìan nan tonn.

Cha 'n 'eil buaidh a fhuaireas fuaighte
An òrain bàird ri gruagaich riamh
Nach d' rinn coinneamh mhòr, gun ghainne
Ordail, soilleir, fonnmhor, fial,
Ann an òigh nam bilean mìn-dhearg;
'S mòr gu'm b'fheàrr leam fhìn do phòg
Na bhi 'm shuidhe an cuideachd rìghrean,
'S ann am phòca mìltean òir!

'S e bhi maille riut mar b' àbhaist,
'S ceòl do ghàire bhi 'nam chluais,
Gaol mar ghaol, is gràdh mar ghràdh dhuinn,
'S blàths do chridhe 'snàmh 'nad ghruaidh,
'S mi bhi 'g òl de mhil do phòige,
Le do dheòin 's le còir gu buan;
Ach cha'n ann mar bh'ann a tà dhuinn,
O na dh' fhàs do ghràdh cho fuar!

Dh' fhàs e fuar 's cha b' ann le m' dheòin-sa,
Tha mi nis gu brònach fann,
Mi mar bhàta 'siubhal stùc-chuan,
'S i gun stiùir 's gun siùil ri crann;
Ach 's coma dhòmh-sa ciod is dòigh dhomh,
Cha tig sòlas orm ri m' bheò;
'S mur a h-aiseag thu do ghràdh dhomh
Càirear mi gu tràth fo 'n fhòid.

Dh' fhàg thu mi mar fhiadh 's e leòinte;
Dh' fhalbh a threòir 's tha chròic gun stàth;
Dh' fhàg thu mi mar speur gun ghrian di,
Dh' fhalbh thu féin is thriall mo là;

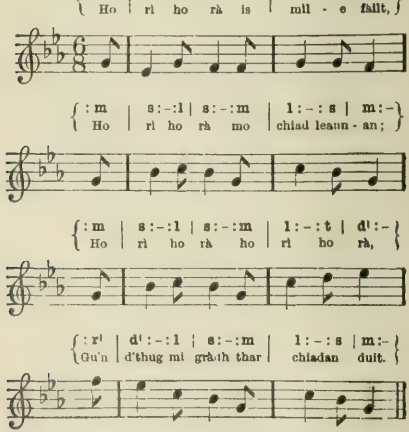
'S ged a shiubhlainn air mo sgìreachd
'S dàn domh pilltinn dachaidh tràth,
Far am faod mi ann an uaigneas
A bhi smuaintinn ort, a ghràidh!

Ach, a ghaoil, ged chuir thu cùl rium,
'S e mo rùn 's mo dhùrachd fòs:
Sonas buan dhuit anns gach cuairte,
'S beannachd fuaighte riut gach lò;
'S ged nach fhaic mo shùil gu bràth thu,
Soraidh slàn do 'n rìbhinn chaoimh;
'S O! na diochuimhnich an t-òigfhear
Do 'n tug thu 'chiad phòg de d' ghaoil.

AM FEAR-POSDA TUBAISTEACH.

Oran le fear a thréig a cheud leannan 's a phòs té a bha mòran bhliadhnaichean na bu shine na e féin.

GLEUS E MAOL.



SEISD:—

Ho rì ho rà is mìle fàilt;
Ho rì ho rà mo chiad leannan;
Ho rì ho rà ho rì ho rà.
Gu'n d' thug mi gràdh thar chiadan duit.

Gu'n d' thug mi gràdh do 'n rìbhinn bhàin
A' chuach-fhuilt àlainn shniamhanaich;
Cha robh cron a dh'fhaodainn àireamh
Ort o d' shàil gu d' chiabhagan.

Ho rì ho rà, &c.

Ged a shiubhlainn féin gu buan
Fad Albann 's cuairt ged dhianainn air,
Ag iarraidh coimeas bean mo ghaoil,
A righ! b'e 'n t-saothair dhìomhain e.

Ho rì ho rà, &c.

'S ged a tha mi nise pòsd',
Gur duine brònach, tiamhaidh mi;
Mhiann mi cailleach air son òir,
'S ochòin! gun bhonn-a-sia aice!

Ho rì ho rà, &c.

Smig is sròn cho fuar ri sneachd,
Is fàth mo chreach! tha bial mar siod;
Ach cha ghèarr i mi gu bràth,
Tha càirean gun bhun fiacail ann!

Ho rì ho rà, &c.

Tha i oillteil rium 'na nàdur,
Cha 'n 'eil buaidh no fialachd innt';
Air sgillinn reicinn i gu réidh,
'S air m' fhacal féin cha b'fhiach i e.

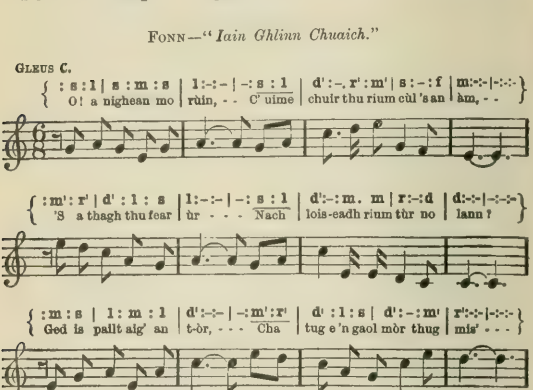
Ho rì ho rà, &c.

NIGHEAN MO RÙIN.

Oran mulaid leis a' bhàrd do mhaighdinn òig àlainn a thug gealladh pòsaidh dha; ach a roghnaich fear na bu bheartaiche 's a thréig a ceud-ghràdh.

FONN—"*Iain Ghlinn Chuaich.*"

GLEUS C.



O! nighean mo rùin,
C' uime chuir thu rium cùl 'san àm,
'S a thagh thu fear ùr
Nach loiseadh rium tùr no lann?
Ged is pailt aig' an t-òr,
Cha tug e 'n gaol mòr 'thug mis'
Do d' chridhe 's do d' chom
'S gur cianail siod leam a nis.

Tha na mìogshuilean blàth
Thug buaidh agus bàrr air chàch;
Bidh mi 'g iomradh do luach
Gus an ruighear mi fuar le bàs.
'S mi ri faire na h-oidhche
Leis na reultan a' soillseadh shuas;
Cha tuit air mo shùil
Trom chadal 's tu, 'rùin, bhi uam.

Rìgh, nach faca tu, ghaoil,
Cian-airsneal na gaoir tha 'm chrìdh'!
Cha toir aighear no ceòl
Gu maireann am bròn so dhìom;
Mi mar bhàta gun stiùir,
Mar fhear-cròiceach nan stùc gun chéill,
Gun socair, gun tàmh,
Ach cianail fo phràmh 's gun fheum.

O! pill rium, a ghaoil,
Cha tug mi dhuit aobhar fuath;
'S tu mo roghainn 's mo chiall,
Mo bheannachd, 's mo mhiann 's mo luaidh;
'S mar nach urrainn fearròid
Ceum a shiubhal a nis gun sgìos,
Mur bi ghrian anns an speur:
Ceart mar siod tha mi féin a'd dhìth-s'.

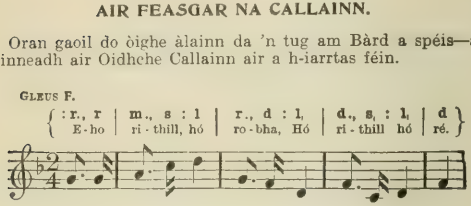
'S lìonmhor pòg a thug mi
De 'd bhilibh bog, mìn-dhearg, blàth;
'S lìonmhor bóid dhaingeann
A thug sinn, ach fhuair iad bàs:
Fhuair iad bàs, leat-s' 's beag suim,
Ach leam-sa siod cuimhn' a' chràidh!
Fear eile ri d' thaobh,
Is mise gun aoigh gu bràth!

Ach ma bheir thu le d' dheòin
'S le gealladh do bheòil do làmh
Do 'n fhear so as-ùr—
Bu leam-sa air tùs do ghràdh;
Bu leam-sa thar gach aon
Do chaidreabh 's do ghaol 's do luadh,
Ach dh' fhalbh siod gu léir
Mar aisling gun stéidh neo-bhuan.

Mìle beannachd a'd' dhéidh,
Mìle sonas is beus gun sprochd;
Siod dùrachd mo chridh'
Ged is muladach mi an nochd!
Bi seasmhach, a ghaoil,
Do 'n fhear so a thaobh do bhóid;
Gheibh mise fois làimh
Ann an ciste nan clàr fo'n fhòid!

AIR FEASGAR NA CALLAINN.

Oran gaoil do òighe àlainn da 'n tug am Bàrd a spéis—a rinneadh air Oidhche Callainn air a h-iarrtas féin.



Seisd:—

Eho rithill, hó robha,
Hó rithill hó ré.
Eho rithill, hao rithill,
O hi hiuraibh ó ré.

Air feasgar na Callainn
Sinn gu loinneil fo ghleus,
Gu'n dèan mi dhuibh òran
A bhios sòlasach, rèidh.
Eho rithill, &c.

Gu'n dèan mi dhuibh duanag
Do ghruagaich nam beus,
Do 'n òighe ghlan-uasail
A's uallaiche ceum.
Eho ritnill, &c.

Corp sneachd-gheal gun ail ann,
Bheireadh bàrr am measg cheud,
Gnùis eireachdail, àbhachach,
Lurach, gun bheud.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S gur a mis' thug an gaol dhuit,
'S beag an t-iongnadh leam è;
Bean do choltais cha 'n fhaicear
Air faiche no féill.
Eho rithill, &c.

Sùil ghorm a's glan sealladh,
Uchd mar chanach an t-sléibh;
'S b'e mo mhiann 'bhi 'gad phògadh
Le còir o'n a chléir.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S gur iomadh fear fearainn
Air an ainnir tha 'n déidh,
Le maiseachd, 's le mòrachd,
Le bòidhchead, 's le beus.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S Di-Dòmhnaich 'sa chrannaig,
'S mi bhi 'g aithris deagh sgeul,
'S e bhi faicinn na gruagaich
A thug fuasgladh do m' bheul.
Eho rithill, &c.

Guth a sheinneadh an t-òran,
Beul bòidheach nan deud;
Aig *piano* 'nad shuidhe
'S binn a ruitheadh gach teud.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S gur leamsa 'bhi mar riut
Ann an gleannan na spréidh,
Sud a b' fhearr leam na stòras
Na Rinn-Eòrpa dhomh féin.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S air oidhche fhliuch ghailbhich
'S tric a ghabh mi le m' steud;
'S an t-aiseag gu'n snàmhainn
Chum, a ghràidh, bhi riut réidh.
Eho rithill, &c.

Le mo steud-each dubh, srianach,
Luath, diollaideach, treun,
Muingeach, anaileach, cruibheach
'S tric bhuidhinn an réis.
Eho rithill, &c.

'S e an uigheam 'san rachainn
'Chum tachairt ri m' chéill—
Spuir is bòtainn, is cleòca,
Is sgrìob do phòig air mo bheul.
Eho rithill, &c.

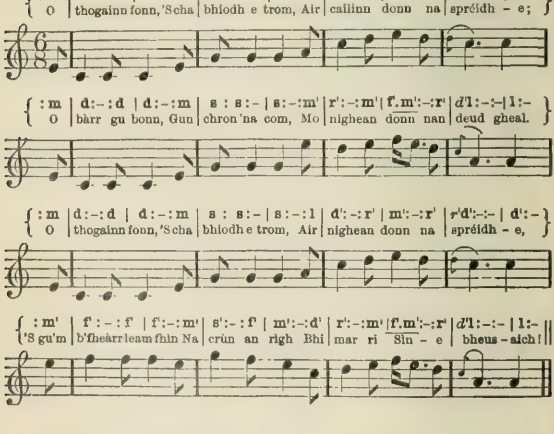
Nise lìonadh gach gloine
Oidhche Callainn is féisd,
'S o'n a thug mi dhuibh òran
Bidh mi 'g òl oirbh da réir.
Eho rithill, &c.

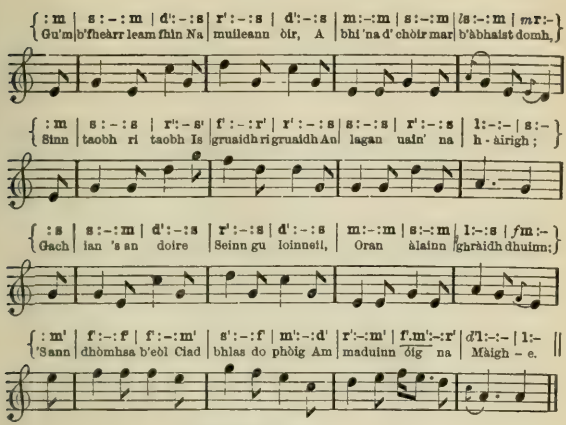
Deoch-shlàinte na rìbhinn,
Oighe fhìnealta, shèimh,
'S gus an càirear fo 'n fhòid mi
Bidh mi 'n tòir oirr, 's na déidh!
Eho rithill, &c.

CAILINN DONN NA SPRÉIDHE.

FONN—"*Marquis of Huntly's Farewell.*"

GLEUS C.

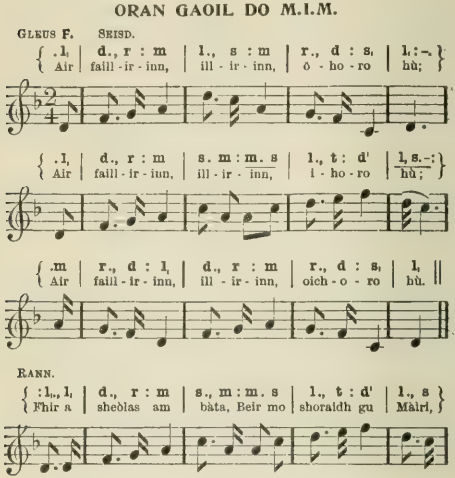




O, thogainn fonn,
'S cha bhiodh e trom,
Air cailinn donn na spréidhe;
O bàrr gu bonn,
Gun chron 'na com,
Mo nighean donn nan deud gheal.
O, thogainn fonn,
'S cha bhiodh e trom,
Air nighean donn na spréidhe,
'S gu'm b'fheàrr leam fhìn
Na crùn an righ
Bhi mar ri Sine bheusaich!

Gu'm b'fheàrr leam fhìn
Na muileann òir,
A bhi 'na d' chòir mar b'àbhaist domh,
Sinn taobh ri taobh
Is gruaidh ri gruaidh
An lagan uain' na h-àirigh;
Gach ian 's an doire
Seinn gu loinneil,
Oran àlainn ghràidh dhuinn;
'S ann dhòmhsa b'eòl
Ciad bhlas do phòig
Am maduinn òig na Màighe.

ÒG-BHEAN A' CHUIL FHÀINNICH
ORAN GAOIL DO M.I.M.



SEISD:—

Air faillirinn, illirinn, oboro hù;
Air faillirinn, illirinn, ihoro hù
Air faillirinn, illirinn, oichoro hù.

Fhir a sheòlas am bàta,
Beir mo shoraidh gu Màiri,
Og-bhean a' chuil fhàinnich
A's àlainne gnùis.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

Gabh tùs an t-siùil-mhara;
'S cum lùb air na crannaibh
Agus innis do m' leannan
Gur a maireann mo rùn.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

'S ged is bòidheach do bhàta
Fo sgrathaibh geal-bàna,
'S mòr a's àlainne Màiri
Air clàraibh a' chiùil.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

Deud shnaighte chruinn gheala;
Uchd mìn mar an eala;
'S gur a cùmhraidh a h-anaïl
Na 'm barrach fo dhrìùchd.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

Corp sneachd-gheal gun éislein,
Cruinn, cumachdail, ceutach;
Ualach, eireachdail, eutrom
Mar éildeag nan stùc.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

Nuair a sheinneas i òran
Tha binneas a beòil-sa
Mar cheilear an smeòraich
Anns an òg-mhaduinn chiùin.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

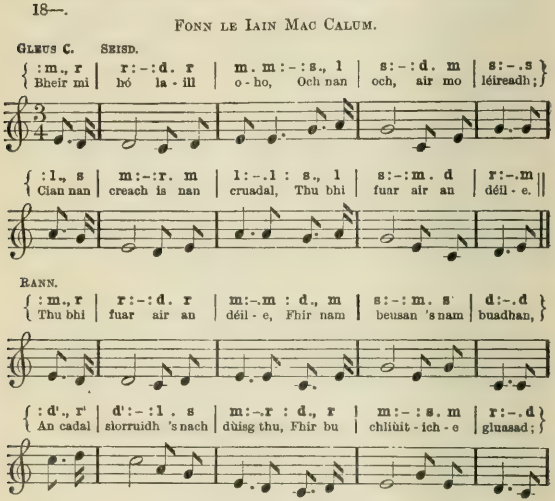
Cha 'n 'eil buaidh a bheir leannan
Nach d' fhuaras le barrachd
Anns an ribhinn a mheall mi
Le lainnir a sùl.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

Glic, tuigseachail, suairce;
Beul banail gun tuaileas;
Ann an cuideachd nan uaislean
'S tric a chualas do chliù.
Air faillirinn, illirinn, &c.

BHEIR MI HÓ LA-ILL OHO.

Cumha do Chòirneal Alasdair Mac Illeathain Mac 'Ic Eoghain, Triath Ardghobhar, a chaochail anns a' bhliadhna 18—.

Fonn le Iain Mac Calum.



SEISD:—

Bheir mi hó la-ill oho,
Och nan och, air mo léireadh;
Cian nan creach is nan cruadal,
Thu bhi fuar air an déile!

Thu bhi fuar air an déile,
Fhir nam beusan 's nam buadhan;
An cadal sìorruidh 's nach dùisg thu,
Fhir bu chliùitiche gluasad;
Fhir a fhuair anns an rìoghachd,
Eadar ìslean is uaislean,
Meas, is beannachd is urram;
Tha iad dubhach 's tu uapa.

Mhic 'Ic Eóghain nam bratach,
Tha sinn airsneulach cràiteach;
Bidh tu màireach 'nad shìneadh
'N ciste dhìonach nan claraibh.
'S lìonmhor sùil 'bhios a' sileadh
Mar linne le deuran
Thu bhi 'n cladh Chill-a-Mhaodain,
Righ! 's nach fhaod thu bhi 'g éirigh!

'S iomadh àite 'san d' fhuaras
Do shuairce 's do sheanachas,
Air ròd 's an ruith-shìonnaich
Bha thu urramach, ainmeil;
Air steud-each 'san dìollaid,
Gu 'm bu bhriagha 'na glaic thu;
'S iomadh òighe 'san rìoghachd
'Shiùbhladh mìltean g' ad fhaicinn.

'S e bhi 'd fhaicinn gun dearmad,
Còta-dearg, spuir, is bòtainn;
Siod a b' fheàrr is bu mhiann leò
Na ri Iarla bhi pòsda;
Cha bhiodh gàradh no geata
Nach leumadh thu uallach,
Each is marcaich cho aotrom
Ri faoilinn nan cuantan!

Bu tu roghadh nan saighdear,
'Chumadh cruinn iad gun ghealtachd;
Anns gach cunnart bu dual dhoibh
A bhi buadhmhor 's tu aca;
Mar do shùil, bha do chlaidheamh,
Dar a dheanadh tu rùsgadh;
Bhiodh do naimhdean làn chreuchdan
'S càirdean éibhinn mu d' chùlaibh.

Nuair a dhìreadh tu 'm fireach,
Le d' ghillean 's le d' mhìol-choin,
Bhiodh gach gualainn fo eallaich
Mu 'n laigheadh a' ghrian oirbh;
Bhiodh fear-cròiceach nan garbhlach,
Bu neo-chearbaiche gluasad,
'Call na fala 's 'ga sileadh
Le nimhe do luaidhe!

'S far nach b' urrainn fear eile
Ian no maigheach a dhùsgadh,
'S tric a rinn thu an t-sealgach,
'S bhiodh iad marbhte co dhiù leat.
Nuair a thogadh tu gunna
Cruinn cumachdail, gleusta,
Bhiodh mac-talla 'ga freagairt
Measg nan creagan le h-éibhneas!

Cas a dhìreadh gu h-aotrom
Ri aodann nan àrd-bheann,
Cridhe gasda, gun fhiaradh,
Fhuaras riamh thu gun àilgheas;
Sùil ghorm mar na speuran
Ann an Céitein na bliadhna,
'S iomadh maighdean bha 'n tòir ort,
'S a bheireadh pòg dhuit gun mhìothlachd.

'S tric a shuidh mi aig bòrd leat;
'S e bhi mòr bha riut fuaighte;
'S iomadh Morair is Iarla
Bha 'gad iarraidh 's a fhuair thu.
Fìon bu bhlaisde 's bu daoire,
Bhiodh siod daonnan ri fhaighinn
Ann ad thalla le fialachd,
Cuilm gun chrìch 's i làn aighear.

Anns an eaglais air Sàbaid
  Righ! gu 'm b' àlainn bhi t' fhaicinn,
Ceann liath air a rùsgadh
  Ged bha do shùilean gun lasadh;
Ged bha do shùilean gun lasadh,
  B'e siod sealladh an àigh dhomh,
Thu bhi 'g éisdeachd le sòlas
  Focal glòrmhor na slàinte.

Mile beannachd a'd dhéidh-sa,
  Fhir nam beus, ged is fuar thu,
Gur a brònach 's a Chùil iad,
  'S beag an t-ionghnadh 's tu bhuapa;
'S brònach mis thar gach aon diubh,
  Fhir mo ghaoil 's nach beò thu,
'S bidh mi 'g iomradh mo rùin duit
  Gus am mùchar fo 'n fhòid mi.

ORAN LEIS A' BHARD D'A ATHAIR.

Air a' chùigeamh latha de cheud mhìos a' gheamhraidh 1851, aig aois 67.

Beannaich, a Dhia,
An t-aosda liath
Do 'm b' aoibhneas miann
Bhi fearail, fial;
Bu thaghte ciall
Is gliocas riamh,
De chinneadh àrd an Rìgh!

Athair nam mac,
'San d'fhuaras tlachd
An gnìomh 's an sgairt,
Gu ciallach ceart,
'S gach buaidh 's gach beart
'Sam faicear neart
Am pearsa, 'n ceann, 's an crìdh'.

'S gur amhuil beus;
Gun airsneul gleus;
Gach maighdean réidh
A fhuair uait féin,
'S o d' chaidreamh céill
Bhi stuama, séimh
Gun chron 's gun bheud ri inns'.

'S ged thuit an aois
Air fear mo ghaoil,
Tha chneas mar aol,
'S a chorp gun ghaoid;
Cruinn-chalpa caol
A shiùbhladh raon,
Le gnùis an aoigh, gun sgìos.

'S an neart do là—
Cha 'n fhaodar àich'—
Nach d'thug thu bàrr
'S gach cùis air càch,
Le teòmachd làmh,
'S le ìnnleachd càil,
O d' shàil gu bàrr do chinn.

'S ann duit bu dual
Bhi 'n diollaid shuas
Air steud-each luath
A choisneadh buaidh
Is beannachd sluaigh,
Grad-chasach buan,
'S gach rathad, uair, is sìd.

'S bu mhòr do chliù
'Nad shuidh aig stiùir,
'S na tonnan dlùth,
'S an fhras 'na smùid
A' teachd le bùir!
'S do bhàrc fo siùil;
Bu chinnteach thu 's gach sìon.

'S aig suidhe sheòd
Mu 'n cuairt de 'n bhòrd,
'S am fion 'ga òl
Le fialachd mhòir,
'Gad shuidhe beò
Gun phleid, gun sgleò:
Cha b' aighear mòid a' d' dhìth.

Tha cuimhn' is luadh
Mu dheas 's mu thuath
Air liuthad buadh
A tha riut fuaight';
'S gach càs is cruas,
'S gach àite 's buan
An cuimhn' air duan 's air pìob.

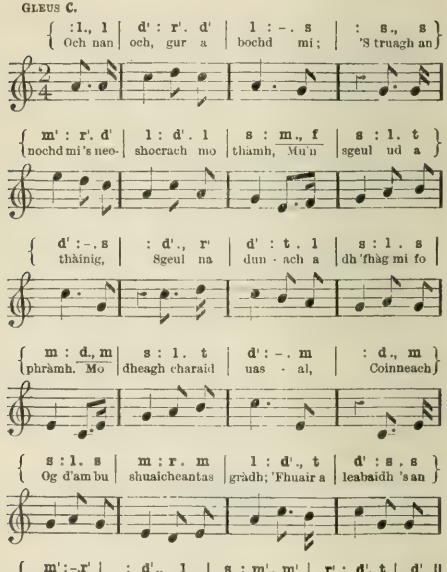
Bidh sgeul, 's bu chòir,
Is iomradh fòil
Air sgapadh t'òir;
B'e siod do dhòigh,
'S tha blas do phòig
An cuimhne mhòir
Aig iomadh òigh 's an tìr.

Cha chualas riamh,
Ged 's geal do chiabh,
Ach beannachd 's miann
Bu thaghte briath'r,
Mu d' chliù 's mu d' ghnìomh
Bhiodh uasal, fial:
B'e siod do sgial 's gu 'm b' fhìor.

Beannachd gu bràth
Air fear mo ghràidh,
Bha smearail, slàn
Ré fad a làith'n;
'S air teachd do'n bhàs
Bhi 'n comunn gràis
'S an ionad tàimh gu sìor!

CUMHA CHOINNICH MHIC 'ILLE-MHOIRE.

Oran mulaid air do sgeul teachd gu 'n do bhàthadh Caiptean Coinneach Moireastan air a shlighe doAmerica anns an Long-smùide, "City of Glasgow"—1854.



Och nan och, gur a bochd mi;
'S truagh an nochd mi 's neo-shocrach mo thàmh.
Mu 'n sgeul ud a thàinig,
Sgeul na dunach a dh' fhàg mi fo phràmh.
Mo dheagh charaid uasal,
Coinneach Og d' am bu shuaicheantas gràdh;
Fhuair a leabaidh 'san fhairge,
Ged is tric bha muir ghailbheach fo shàil!

'S ann an siod bha 'n t-òigear,
Bha gun ghaiseadh bho bhròdan gu bhàrr;
'S gu 'm b'e siod am bàrr bòidheach,
Cuach-fhalt gasd' eadar òr-bhuidhe 's bàn;
Bathais leathann, àrd, glé-gheal,
Sùil bu ghuirme na 'n speur anns an tràth;
Deud mar shean shlighe chladaich,
'S bilean ròs-dhearg nach tagradh ach bàigh.

Ach ged leanainn gu d' shàil e,
'S e moladh do ghnàth bhiodh 'san rann;
Co chunnaic air sràid thu
Nach abradh: "'S e 'n Gaidheal a th' ann!"
Calpa cruinn air dheagh chumadh,
Mar siod 's troidh bu chuimir am bròig,
Cha robh maighdean 'san dùthaich,
Na 'm bu mhiann leat, a dhiùltadh do phòg!

Aig bòrd nan daoin'-uasal
B'e do bheatha, 's bu dual duit bhi ann;
Bha thu bàigheil, neo-stràiceil
Ris na h-islean 's gach àite 's gach àm;
Cha 'n 'eil neach a tha air t' eòlas
Nach 'eil goirt-chridheach, brònach, mar tha;
Och nan och, 's mo chreach léir e,
Dh' fhalbh thu òg is b'e 'm beud siod, a ghràidh!

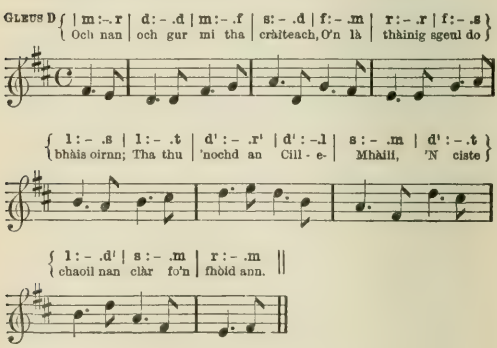
O! na 'n tigeadh am bàs ort
Far am faodadh do chàirdean bhi 'd chòir,
'S na 'm faiceadh do mhàthair
Thu air do chàradh fo 'n fhòid!
Ach is fuar leinn do chadal;
Gur a fad e bho chladach, 's gur trom;
'S crònan cadail, mo thruaigh, dhuit,
Onfhadh mar' agus fuar ghaoth nan tonn!

Righ, gur truagh mar a dh' éirich!
Cha b'e coire uait féin rinn an call;
Bu tu 'm maraiche gleusta;
Bhiodh do chùrs' agad réidh anns gach ball.
'S tric a sheòl thu long rìomhach
Do gach cala 'sna h-Innsean ud thall,
Null cha bhuidhneadh iad réis ort;
'S riut 'bhi strì, cha robh feum tigh'nn a nall.

CUMHA.

Do Shir Donnchadh Camshron o'n Fhasadh-fheàrna, Triath Challairt 's Ghlinn Neimhis, na Mòr-thir, Chinn-loch is Ionbhar-na-h-aibhle.

Fonn Air a leasachadh le Iain Mac Calum.



Fonn:—

Och nan och, gur mi tha cràiteach
O 'n là thàinig sgeul do bhàis oirnn;
Tha thu 'nochd an Cille-Mhàili,
An ciste chaoil nan clàr fo 'n fhòid ann.

'S iomadh neach tha nochd fo bhruaillean,
Eadar ìslean agus uaislean,
O na chàraich iad 'san uaigh thu,
Fhir nam beart a fhuair dhuit mòr-chliu.

Mhic Shir Eóghain Mhóir nan clàrsach,
Anns an Fhasadh fhuair thu t'àrach;
'S fad 's a' mhaireas cabar fèarna
Bidh cuimhne gu bràth air do mhòrachd.

Bidh cuimhne 's iomradh air do bhuadhan,
Am pearsa, an ceann, 's an gluasad;
'S ged a thug am bàs thu uainne,
Cuimhnichear thu 'n duan 's an òran.

Cridhe fearail, farsuing, fialaidh,
Geug de 'n chraoibh bu taghte fhriamhaich;
Camshronach o thaobh Loch-ial thu
Seasmhach riamh air taobh na còrach.

Cha 'n 'eil banntrach bhochd 'san dùthaich
Nach bi nochd ri crònan tùrsach,
Thu bhi 'n cadal trom 's nach dùisg thu—
Cian-nan-creach! gun dùil na's mò riut.

Ann an cùirtibh àrd Dhun-éidinn
'S tric a rinn thu 'chùis a réiteach;
Eòlach anns gach teang fo 'n ghréin thu,
Blasda réidh bha sgeul do bheòil-sa.

Bu tu 'n caraid seasmhach dìleas,
'S gur mi féin a dh' fhaodadh ìnnseadh;
Liughad uair 's a shuidh mi sìos leat,
Sgeul 'ga aithris 's fìon 'ga òl leinn!

Sùil bu ghuirme, deud bu ghile,
B 'e siod suaicheantas do chinnidh;
'S bidh do dhealbh air clàr mo chridhe
Gus an righear air a' bhòrd mi!

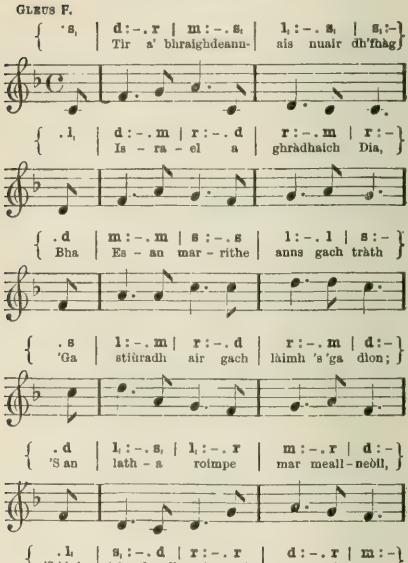
EADAR-THEANGACHADH.

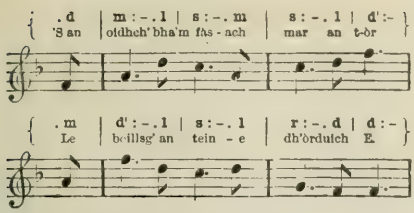
REBECCA'S HYMN IN "IVANHOE."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LAOIDH REBECCA.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS F.





Tìr a bhraighdeannais nuair dh' fhàg
Israel a ghràdhaich Dia,
Bha Esan mar-rithe anns gach tràth
'Ga stiùradh air gach làmh 's 'ga dìon;
'S an latha roimpe mar meall-neòil,
'S b'e 'n t-ionghnadh mór sud do gach treubh!
'S an oidhch' bha 'm fàsach mar an t-òr
Le boillsg' an teine dh' òrduich E.

An sin bha laoidhean naomh is sailm
Le tromp is tiompan 'seinn Do chliù,
Is nighnean Shioin togail fonn
D'an tug gach sonn 's gach sagart fiù;
A nis! gun ni mar so, mo chreach!
Tha Israel air seach'ran sléibh,
Cha gha'dh ur n-athraichean Do shlighs'
Is dh' fhàg Thus' iad nan slighe féin.

Ach mar rinn fòs, ged 's ann fo sgàil,
Nuair 'thig oirnn latha seilbh is maoin,
Bidh smuaintean Ortsa dhuinn 'na dhìon
O theas is iargain air gach taobh.
'S air slighe Iudah, O! nuair thig
An oidhche dhorcha tric, Bi dlùth!
Fad fhulangach is mall chum feirg
'Nad sholus dealrach dhuinn 's Nad stiùir.

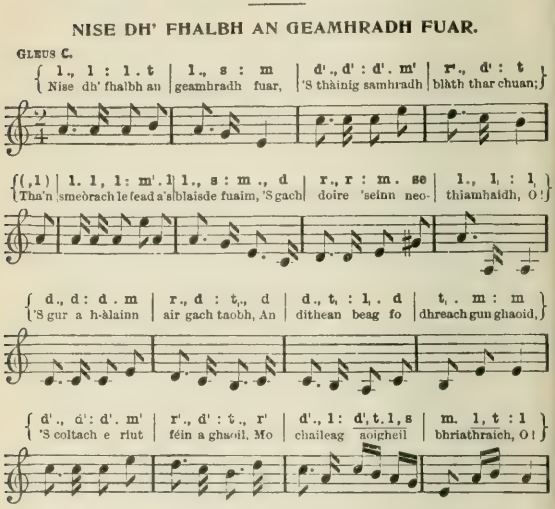
Ar clàrsaichean nan culaidh-thàir
Dh' fhàg sinn aig sruth Bhabel thall,
Chaidh gach altair oirnn fo smàl,
Is fuaim ar gàire tha air chall;
Ach "fuil nan gobhar" Dhia, ars Thus',
"Cha toilich mi, no mile spréidh;
An cridhe brist' 's an spiorad brùit,
'S i 'n iobairt ùmhl' d'an tugainn spéis."

EADAR-THEANGACHADH.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOO AWA'.—*Robert Tannahill.*

NISE DH' FHALBH AN GEAMHRADH FUAR.

GLEUS C.



Nise dh' fhalbh an geamhradh fuar,
'S thàinig samhradh blàth thar chuan,
Tha 'n smeòrach le fead a's blaisde fuaim,
'S gach doire 'seinn neo-thiamhaidh, O!
'S gur a h-àlainn air gach taobh,
An dithean beag fo dhreach gun ghaoid,
'S coltach e riut féin, a ghaoil,
Mo chaileag aoigheil bhriathrach, O!

Thig a rùin 'us theid sinn suas
Measg nan glac 's nan gleann mu 'n cuairt,
'S caitheamaid an latha buan
Measg shòlasan neo-chianail, O!

Ard os ceann na coill' ud thall
Tha 'n uiseag measg geal-neul air chall,
'S tiugh mu bhruachan cas nan allt
Gur cùmhraidh calltan lionmhor, O!
'S fòs mu 'n cuairt gach glacan blàth
Raineach fhad-chluasach a' fàs,
'S an t-alltan beag le torman gràidh,
'S gach ni a ta neo-chianail, O!

Ach ròs fo bhlath is ceòl nan ian,
'S gach fiùr a dh' àlainneachas sliabh,
Cha toir iad dhòmh-sa tlachd gu sìor
Mur bi thu féin ri m' cliathaich, O!

JAMES MUNRO,

Scholar and Poet,

1794-1870.

JAMES MUNRO was born in 1794 at Fort William. His father was a joiner, and the boy's education was received at the old Parochial School of his native town, but most of the culture he afterwards acquired he obtained for himself. Gifted in many ways, he had a natural aptitude for the study of languages. He attained an excellent knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French, and his general knowledge ranged over many fields.

His first ambition was to follow the law, but that idea was abandoned, and he adopted the profession of teaching. Munro belonged to a class of Gaelic preceptors, which comprised a few choice spirits who loved their mother tongue, and looked upon their calling as a noble and exalted one; the result of their labours is to this day spoken of with veneration in many parts of Gaeldom.

James Munro's first appointment was as teacher of the General Assembly's schools at Carradale, Kintyre. Removing thence to his native district, he taught a school at Corpach for some years, and was ultimately Parochial teacher of the extensive parish of Kilmonivaig, at Blarour. He was an elder in the Parish Church, and also occupied for some years the post of Inspector of Poor for the Parish. Eventually he resigned his offices and retired on a competency.

James Munro.

Of Munro's capabilities as a Gaelic scholar we have evidence in "Oldest Printed Gaelic Books," a lecture delivered about 1868 to his Gaelic class of Glasgow students by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL.D., of Brodick. The lecture is printed in the second volume of "Reliquiæ Celticæ," and from it the following paragraph is culled:—"In 1828 a grammar was published by Archibald Currie, who was a teacher at Rothesay, and since a valuable grammar, with which you are acquainted, by Mr James Munro. The first edition appeared in 1835, and the second edition, very much enlarged, in 1843. If I except Dr Mackay, I do not know that any one now living has done so much as Mr Munro to advance Gaelic literature, and his services deserve an acknowledgement from his countrymen, which they have not yet received. It often fills me with indignation when I hear ignorant men who cannot write two consecutive sentences of correct Gaelic applauded as great Gaelic scholars, forsooth, and genuine scholars such as Mr Munro virtually neglected."

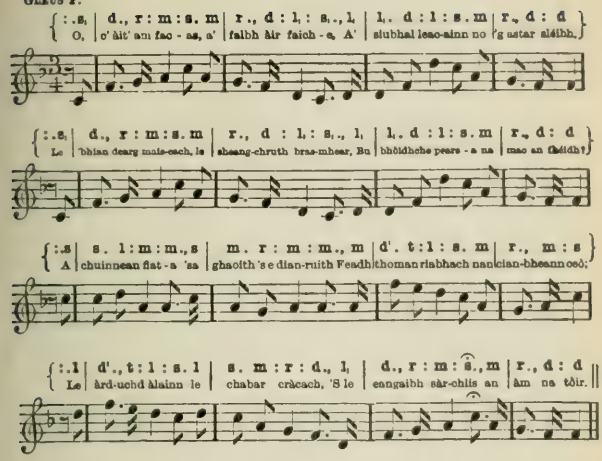
Besides his Gaelic Grammar, James Munro produced several other works, all of which have been popular. "An t-Ailleagan," a collection of Gaelic songs, appeared in 1830; "Am Filidh," a collection of songs with music, 1840—his own popular Gaelic songs appeared in these volumes; "An Treoraiche," or first book for schools, 1843; "A Gaelic Primer, with Vocabulary;" and when at Carradale he contributed—quoting from the preface of the work—"various notices of the Gaelic poets, &c.," to John Reid's "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," published in 1832. He was a musician as well as a poet, having taught himself the violin and the violincello, both of which instruments he played very well. When spending an evening with a congenial companion he would bring out his violin and make the rafters ring, his favourite tune being the "Bob of Fettercairn." Munro was a capital conversationalist, and "as sharp as nails."

He had a keen, penetrating look, and clinched his arguments with emphasis. In politics he was a keen Liberal, and having a strong vein of humour, many a merry laugh his pleasantries called forth over the local celebrities of the day and place.

The closing years of Munro's life were passed at Fort-William, and he died in the Old Fort there on 25th December 1870. He was buried in the Craigs Burying-Ground, near by Ewen MacLachlan's monument. His sister raised a plain tombstone over his remains, on which is inscribed the following couplet:—

"Chuir e riaghailtean air Gàidhlig
Agus snas air cainnt a dhùthcha."

AM FIADH.

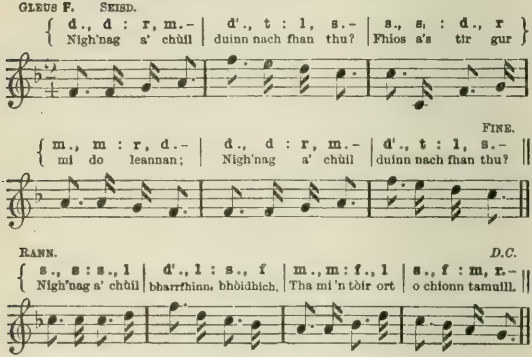


O, c'ait am facas, a' falbh air faiche,
A' siubhal leacainn no 'g astar sléibh,
Le 'bhian dearg maiseach, le sheang-chruth bras-mhear,
Bu bhòidhche pearsa na mac an fhéidh?
A chuinnean fiata 'sa ghaoith 's e dian-ruith
Feadh thoman riabhach nan cian-bheann ceò;
Le àrd-uchd àlainn le chabar cràcach,
'S le eangaibh sàr-chlis an àm na tòir.

Gur binn 'am chluasaibh an langan uaibhreach
A thig o 'n ruadh-ghreigh o 'n chruachan àrd;
Gur grinn air fuaran an eilid chuannda,
'S a laogh mu 'n cuairt di ri luaineis bhàth.
An cluas gu claisteachd, an sùil gu faicinn,
An cinn 's an casan comh-ghrad gu léir;
B' i 'n obair uasal a bhi 'gan cuartach,
'S a' caitheamh luaidhe le buaidh 'nan déidh.

Gur tric a dh' éirich mi 'shiubhal sléibhe
Roimh shoillse gréine, 's a rinn mo làmh
An làn-damh nuallach a chur 'na thuaineal,
'S a thoirt gu h-uallach o 'n fhuaran bhlàr.
Ach, nis, o'n ghéill iad—mo neart 's mo spéirid—
'S nach dean mi éirigh ach mall gu triall,
Cha tog mi aonach le gadhar aotrom,
'S cha dean mi faobhach air sraod nam bian.

NIGHEANAG A' CHUIL DUINN.



Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan thu?
Fhios a's tìr gur mi do leannan;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan thu?

Nigheanag a' chuil bharrfhinn bhòidhich,
Tha mi 'n tòir ort o chionn tamuill.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S ann o 'n bha mi beag am phàisde
Thug mi 'n gràdh dhuit a bhios maireann.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Nuair a bha sinn ris a' chuallach,
Thug mi luaidh do d' chuailean barrfhionn.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S leis na dh' fhàs de dhreach 's de dh' aoibh ort,
Thàlaidh thu mo ghaol gu daingeann,
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gorm-shùil mheallach aig mo ghaol-sa,
Mala chaol is caoine sealladh;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gruaidh is deirge na an caorunn,
'S e fo bhraon am bàrr nam meangan;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Beul o 'm binne ceòl is gàire,
Deudach àlainn mar a' ghaillionn;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Muineal geal mar chanach sléibhe,
Broilleach ceutach mar an eala;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Seang-chruth cuannda, cuimir eutrom,
'S e gun éislean no gun ainneamh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S tric a fhuair mi treis de d' mhànran,
Air an àiridh, anns na gleannaibh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S minic bha mi riut a' sùgradh
Fo na geugan cùmhraidh barraich.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S anns a' mhadainn latha Càsga,
Thug thu dhomh do làmh 's do ghealladh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

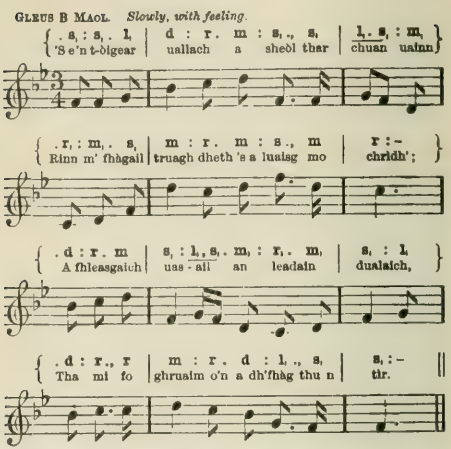
Ach ma dh' fhàgas tu an dùthaich,
'S trom mi 'giùlan do chion-falaich.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

C' uime rachadh tu gu Galldachd
Dh' fhòghlum fealltachd o na Gallaibh?
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Fan, a ghaoil an tìr nan Gàidheal,
Far am bheil an àbhaist cheanail.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

AN T-OIGEAR UALLACH.

GLEUS B MAOL. *Slowly, with feeling.*



'S e 'n t-òigear uallach a sheòl thar chuan uainn,
Rinn m' fhàgail truagh dheth 's a luaisg mo chrìdh';
A fhleasgaich uasail an leadain dualaich,
Tha mi fo ghruaim o'n a dh' fhàg thu 'n tìr.

Ged thig an samhradh le thrusgan greannar
A sgeadach' ghleann agus bheann le lìth,
Cha tog e fonn air mo chridhe trom-sa;
Tha 'n saoghal lom leam 's mo shonn a m' dhìth.

Cha b' ionann m' àbhaist an uair bu ghnàth leam
Bhi 'n glaic mo ghràdhaich air sgàth na frith!
An duilleach uaine 'na sgàil mu 'n cuairt duinn,
'S a thrusgan snuaghmhor mu bhruaich a' ghlinn.

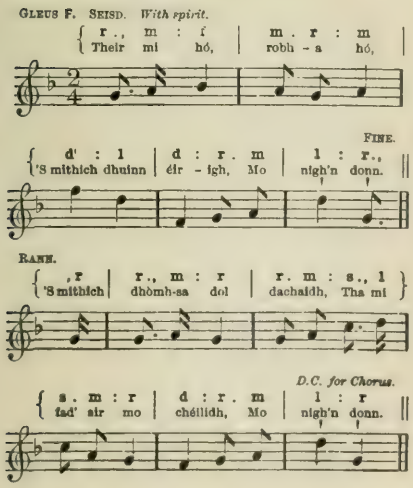
An coireal ceòlmhor air feadh nan cròc-mheur,
'S an t-eas, gu bòidheach, a' dòrtadh still;
An crodh air àilean, 's an teas 'gan sàrach,
'S na laoigh le àilleas ri àbhachd dhuinn.

An t-òigear dualach, 's a cheann an cluain rium,
A' gabhail dhuanag á 'chuanal binn;
Treis eil' air brìodal gu milis mìogach,
'S mo chneas dluth-fhillte 'na mhìn-ghlaic ghrinn.

An sin b' e m' àilleas a' choill' 's na blàithean,
'S bhi 'tathaich fàsaich is sgàil na frith
Le m' òigear àlainn do 'n d' thug mi 'n gràdh sin
A dhuisg mo chràdh o'n a dh' fhàg e 'n tìr.

An t-òigear àillidh a sheòl air sàile
Gu fonn Ostràili an àraich mhìn;
Gu 'n leag e sàrach air m' uchd-sa 'n dràsta
A chuir an càs mi o'n dh' fhàg e 'n tìr.

MO NIGHEAN DONN.



SEISD:—

Their mi hó, robha hó,
'S mithich dhuinn éirigh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
'S mithich dhòmh-sa dol dachaidh,
Tha mi fad' air mo chéilidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Bheir mi m' aghaidh air Muile,
Ged is duilich dhomh fhéin e,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S mòr gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh shéideadh;
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'nn gu traigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na cithean trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-ràmaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnach nan sléibhtean,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na craobhan mòr, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha eòin bhùchain nan cluaintean,
Leis an uamhas 'g an léireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S eòin bheaga na coille,
Gob, 's an doire, fo 'n sgeithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

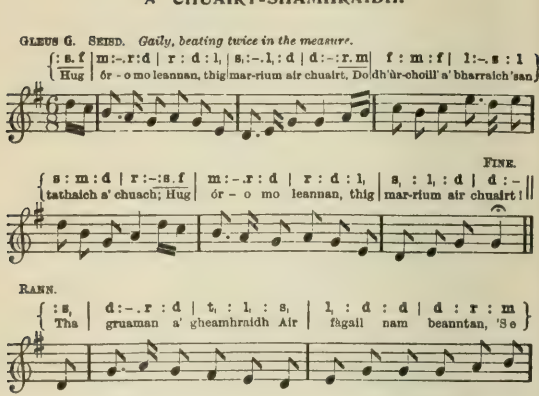
'S bochd nuallan nan aighean
Air na sraithean lom, glé-gheal,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S truagh mise 'n tìr Oisein,
'S mi gun soistinn mu m' eudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S nach comas dol thairis
Dh' fhios a' bhaile 'm bheil m' éibhneas
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Maighdean chanach na féille!
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

A' CHUAIRT-SHAMHRAIDH.



SEISD:—

Hug óro, mo leannan,
Thig mar-rium air chuairt,
Do dh'ùr-choill' a' bharraich
'S an tathaich a' chuach;
Hug óro, mo leannan,
Thig mar-rium air chuairt.

Tha gruaman a' gheamhraidh
Air fàgail nam beanntan,
'S e 'sruth anns gach alltan
'Na dheann-ruith a nuas.
Hug óro, &c.

Tha aodann nan sléibhtean
A deàrrsadh gu ceutach;
'S na lusanan peucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh.
Hug óro, &c.

Tha samhradh an òr-chuil
A' riaghladh le mòr-chuis,
'S an saoghal ri sòlas,
Gu'n d' fhògair e 'm fuachd.
Hug óro, &c.

Na h-eòin 's iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
'Cur loinn' air gach bruaich.
Hug óro, &c.

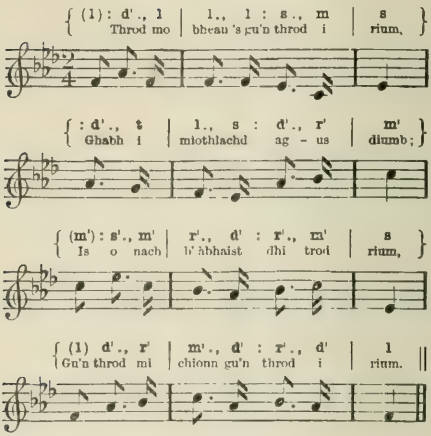
Tha 'ghrian feadh nan glacagan
Gormanach, fasgach;
'S gu 'm b' aoibhinn bhi leatsa,
A' dearc' air an snuadh!
Hug óro, &c.

'S do shnuadh féin cho greannmhor
Rì gàire an t-samhraidh
Feadh fhlùran a' dannsadh
'S na gleanntan mu 'n cuairt!
Hug óro, &c.

O! tiugainn, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
'S gu 'n ùraich sinn gealladh
'Bhi tairis gu buan.
Hug óro, &c.

THROD MO BHEAN.

GLEUS A MAOL.



Throd mo bhean 's gu'n throd i rium,
Ghabh i miothlachd agus diumb;
Is o nach b' àbhaist dhi trod rium,
Gu'n throd mi, chionn gu'n throd i rium.

'S ann a thuirt i rium, gu dùr,
Gu'm bu bhodach mi gun tùr,
Nach iarradh làmh a chur ri tùrn,
Ach iomairt cùirn gu soistinneach.

'S ann a labhair i gu fiat',
Mar nach deanainn stà dhi riamh,
'S a thuirt i rium gur beag a b'fhiach
Na rinn mi ghnìomh 's de chosnadh dhi.

"Dh'fhàg thu mise 'n càs gu leòr
Leis a' ghràdh a thug thu 'n phòit,
'S cha 'n aithreach leat mar tha mo sheòl,
Ged tha mi brònach, bochduinneach.

Cha 'n 'eil airgiod; cha 'n 'eil spréidh;
Cha 'n 'eil agam fiù a' bhréid
A theid do chlachan no gu féill,
Le d' ghnàs mi-bheusach, mosachail.

Dh'òl thu, mhoisein; dh'òl thu bhò
Bha 'gar beathachadh gach lò—
'S gur math mur h-òl thu 'n raghainn bhròg
A th'air do spògan rosadach.

Cha 'n ìoghnadh peanas agus plàigh
A thuiteam air do cheann gun dàil,
'S mar rinn thu mise 'mheath 's a chràdh
Le d' ruidht, a bhàraisg shoganaich!

Clos cha 'n fhaigh mi feadh na h-oidhch'
'S mi 'nam chrùban, làn de dh'oillt
Gu'n tachdar thu, le d' bhrùchdail roibhc,
'S tu air do shloibhc 's an ospartaich.

Tha do chlann gun mheas, gun bheus,
Dìreach mar a tha thu féin,
Gun mhath, gun rath, gun sùrd gu feum;
Gur truagh an té tha 'n crochadh ribh.

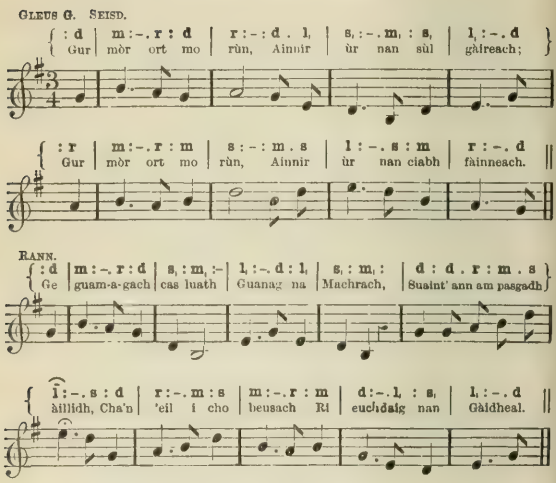
An aodach, tha e ribeach, lom,
Lom-lan phuathag agus tholl;
'S tha 'n cridh' iar sgàineadh ann am chom
A' nigheadh ronn is òtraich as.

Ach Dòmhnull Bàn, a bhean, 's a chlann,
Muinntir an tigh-òsd ud thall,
Gur rìomhach, ròiceil iad, neo-ghann,
Air tàilleamh sannt do ghlocain-se.

Och nan och! gur mis' tha truagh:
B' fheàrr gu'n robh mi anns an uaigh
Na bhi pòsta riut, a thruaill,
A dhuine shuaraich, shocharaich!"

AINNIR NAN GÀIDHEAL.

Fonn le Iain Mac Calum.



Seisd:—

Gur mòr ort mo rùn,
Ainnir ùr nan sùl gàireach;
Gur mòr ort mo rùn,
Ainnir ùr nan ciabh fàinneach.

Ge guamagach cas-luath
Guanag na Machrach
Suaint' ann am pasgadh àillidh,
Cha 'n 'eil i cho beusach
Ri euchdaig nan Gàidheal.

Gur mòr, &c.

Ge bòidheach ri 'm faicinn
Og-mhnathan Shasuinn,
Sàr-mhaiseach mar na blàithean;
Cha tàlaidh iad m' ùigh-sa
O ùr-ros nan Gàidheal.

Gur mòr, &c.

Ge beò-shuileach brasda,
Sò-ghradhach gasda
Gruagaichean cas na Spàinnte,
Cha 'n 'eil iad cho tairis
Ri ainnir nan Gàidheal.

Gur mòr, &c.

'S ge ceòl-bhinn gun teagamh
Oighean na h-Eadailt,
Eòlach air eagar dhàna,
Gur binne leam duanag
O ghruagaich na h-àiridh.

Gur mòr, &c.

Gur cuaileanach soighne
Gruagach a' mhonaidh,
Uasal, gun chron 'na h-àbhaist;
Gur h-inntinneach fallan
Glan-fhaillean nan àrd-bheann.

Gur mòr, &c.

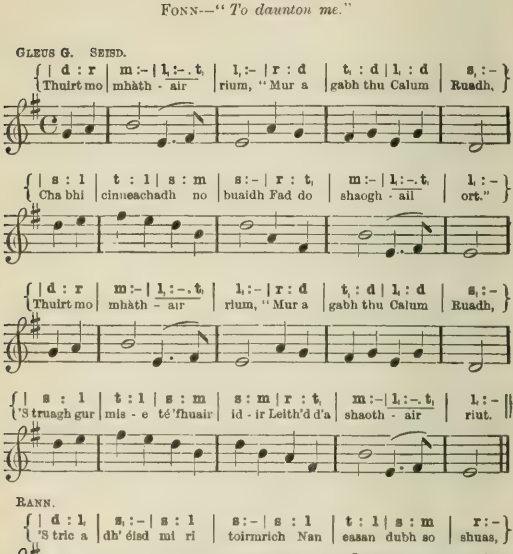
I mòralach banail;
Ròs-bhileach, mealach,
Fòghluimt' 's gach ceanal àlainn;
Cha 'n fhaighear air thalamh
Mar leannan a h-àicheadh!

Gur mòr, &c.

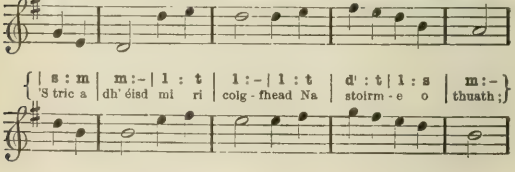
THUIRT MO MHATHAIR RIUM.

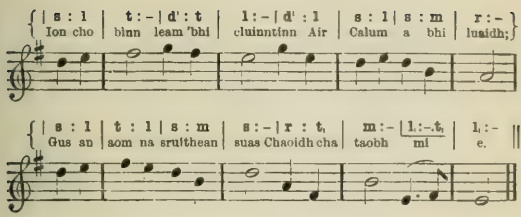
FONN—"*To daunton me.*"

GLEUS G. SEISD.



RANN.





SEISD:—

Thuirt mo mhàthair rium,
"Mur a gabh thu Calum Ruadh,
Cha bhi cinneachadh no buaidh
Fad do shaoghail ort."
Thuirt mo mhàthair rium,
"Mur a gabh thu Calum Ruadh,
'S truagh gur mise té 'fhuair idir
Leith'd d'a shaothair riut."

'S tric a dh' éisd mi toirmrich
Nan easan dubh so shuas,
'S tric a dh' éisd mi colg-fhead
Na stoirme o thuath;
Ion cho binn leam 'bhi cluinntinn
Air Calum a bhi luaidh;
Gus an aom na sruithean suas
Chaoidh cha taobh mi e.

Thuirt, &c.

An raoir air an àiridh
(Bu ghràdhach bhi ann!)
Mo làmh gu'n d' fhuair Pàraig,
Fear bàn nan ciabh fann;
Biodh mo mhàthair 's mo bhràthair
'S mo chàirdean orra 'n geall,
Ach Calum chaoidh ni 'm meall
Le 'chuid chaorach mi!

Thuirt, &c.

Nach truagh leibh mi, òighean
Nan òg-bhroilleach tlàth,
Bhi 'gam fhòirneadh gun deòin
Air fear-stòrais gun ghràdh?
'S gur a deònaich', á chòta, leam
Og-Pharaig Bàn
Na Calum 's a chuid tàintean
'S a raointean leò!

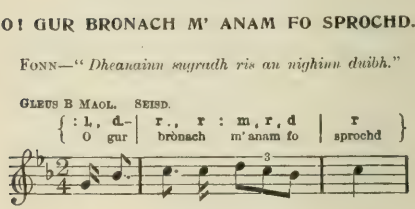
Thuirt, &c.

Thàinig Pàraig is chuairt-ghlac e
An nuadh ainnir òg;
Las an deirge 'na ghruaidh
Nuair a chual e a ceòl;
"Cha toir uam thu, a luaidh,
Cinneadh, cruadal, no stòr,
'S bi'dh mi sona fad mo chuairt
Air an t-saoghal leat!"

Thuirt, &c.

O! GUR BRONACH M' ANAM FO SPROCHD.

FONN—"*Dheanainn sugradh ris an nighinn duibh.*"



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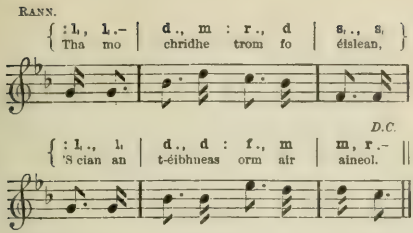


SEISD:—

O! gur brònach m' anam fo sprochd
O'n a dh' fhògradh uam mo leannan!
O! gur brònach m' aigne gun chlos!

Tha mo chridhe trom fo éislean;
'S cian an t-éibhneas orm air aineol.
O! gur brònach, &c.

O'n a chaidh mo rùn uam fhuadach,
Chaidh mo shuaimhneas orm am mearachd.
O! gur brònach, &c.

Nuair a dh'éireas mi gur cràiteach
Mi, fo phràmh, a' caoidh mo leannain.
O! gur brònach, &c.

Nuair a ghabhas mi gu tàmh
Cha chlos is gnàth leam ach a' chaithris.
O! gur brònach, &c.

Righ! cha b' ionann m' fhonn nuair b'àbhaist
Dhomh bhi mànran ris an ainnir.
O! gur brònach, &c.

'S an cluain gu daingeann dlùth rium
Air fraoch ùr nan cùirnean meala.
O! gur brònach, &c.

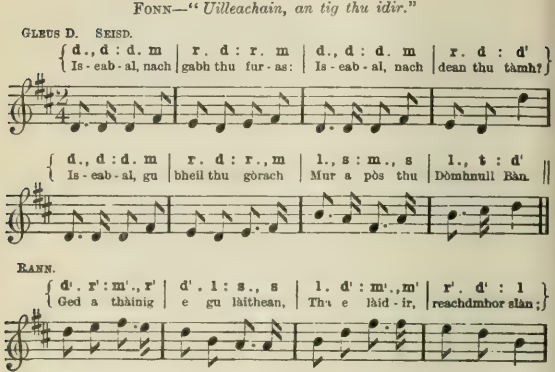
Ach tha gruaim a' bhròin air sgaoileadh
O 'n a thréig mo ghaol am fearann.
O! gur brònach, &c.

Och! 's e 'm bron is céile dhòmhsa
O'n a chaill mi 'n òg-bhean cheanail.
O! gur brònach, &c.

AM FOIRNEADH.

FONN—"*Uilleachain, an tig thu idir.*"

GLEUS D. SEISD.



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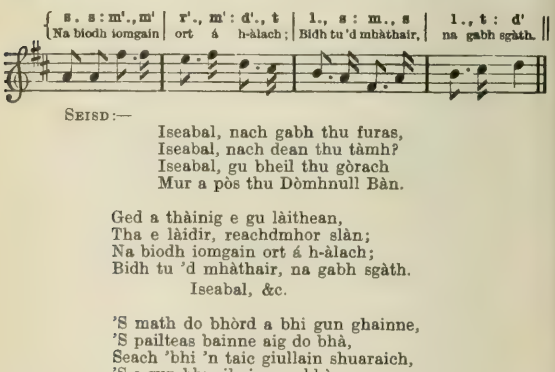


SEISD:—

Iseabal, nach gabh thu furas,
Iseabal, nach dean thu tàmh?
Iseabal, gu bheil thu gòrach
Mur a pòs thu Dòmhnull Bàn.

Ged a thàinig e gu làithean,
Tha e làidir, reachdmhor slàn;
Na biodh iomgain ort á h-àlach;
Bidh tu 'd mhàthair, na gabh sgàth.
Iseabal, &c.

'S math do bhòrd a bhi gun ghainne,
'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà,
Seach 'bhi 'n taic giullain shuaraich,
'S e gun bhuaile is gun bhàrr.
Iseabal, &c.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is rìomhadh;
Cha bhi 'n dìth ort, theid mi 'n ràth;
'S feàrr dhuit sin na 'n airc, is brìodal
Iain chrìn á Dail-a'-chais!

Iseabal, &c.

Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe;
Cha 'n 'eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;
Glac an gliocas—'s glac an stòras
'Tha cho deònach teachd 'ad dhàil.

Iseabal, &c.

Iseabal, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse,
Bios mi feargach riut gu bràth;
Mur a còrd thu nochd ri Dòmhnull,
Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an là!

Iseabal, &c.

Greas, gabh comhairle 's cuir umad,
Bios an duine so gun dàil;
Na biodh aileag ann do mhuineal
Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt'.

Iseabal, &c.

Mrs MARY MACKELLAR,

The Bardess of Clan Cameron.

1836-1890.

MARY MACKELLAR, *nee* Cameron, was born at Fort William on the 1st of October 1836. Her childhood was spent in the house of her grandfather at Corrybeg, Locheilside, where her grandmother, singing at her spinning-wheel, may be said to have fostered the poetic instincts of the young girl. Here also she acquired her knowledge of Gaelic and Gaelic lore which deeply tinged her impressionable mind.

She herself has placed on record "that, though proverb, tradition, and story served to educate the young Highlander at the wonderful institution of the 'Céilidh,' the great source of knowledge and of culture was in the poetry of the country; and if it is a sign of superior culture in the homes of rank and fashion to be able to quote the poets, it must necessarily be so also in our lowly Highland cots. I, who know the poets of both languages intimately, know of nothing as a teaching element loftier than the sentiments of our good old Gaelic bards. . . . But the 'Céilidh' has now vanished into a thing of the past, and the songs so full of profound wisdom and high teaching have been frowned upon as sinful; and therefore the young

Mrs. Mary MacKellar.

of the present day, with all their knowledge of the three R's, are less educated than their ancestors were. . . . We regret very much that this cultivating influence has been wrested from the people, but we hope that even yet, amidst this modern revival of Celticism, our Gaelic bards will meet with renewed appreciation, and that no minister or elder will dare to wrest from the people the songs that were sung by those whom God has gifted specially to make the world wiser and better."

The bardess's father, Allan Cameron, a baker in Fort-William, died at the age of 41, leaving a widow to struggle for a young family. Mary, although then only eleven years of age, had to return to the maternal home and keep the little shop for her mother. She, however, went to school as often as possible, and read every book that came in her way, both in English and Gaelic, and thus improved her education. She married at a very early age, and for many years accompanied her husband, who was master of a small craft, on voyages to the Baltic. She was twice shipwrecked. On one occasion the vessel was overtaken by a storm in the Baltic, when the bardess and her husband saved their lives by clinging to the rigging until they were rescued from their perilous position.

It was on settling down in a cottage at Fort-William that Mrs MacKellar's literary career began, her first efforts being a series of papers on her seafaring life, which attracted much attention. She afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where she resided chiefly until her death.

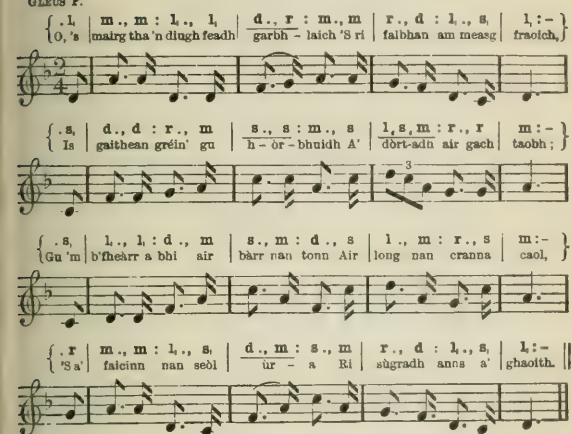
In 1880 Mrs MacKellar's volume of "Poems and Songs in Gaelic and English" was issued. She was also author of "The Tourists' Handbook of Gaelic and English Phrases for the Highlands," and for years contributed to the columns of many newspapers, to the "Celtic Magazine," and other periodicals, and also to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, of

which Society she was bard. She gained considerable fame by her translation into Gaelic of Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," her name becoming a household word in Gaeldom as well as in the Colonies.

Among her other activities Mrs MacKellar was mainly instrumental in originating the Clan Cameron Society. She died at Edinburgh on 7th September 1890, aged 54 years, and was buried in the Churchyard of Kilmallie, her native parish.

AM MARAICHE 'S A LEANNAN.

FONN—"*Nighean bhàn Dhail-an-eas.*"



O, 's mairg tha 'n diugh feadh garbhlaich
'S ri falbhan am measg fraoich,
Is gaithean gréin' gu h-òr-bhuidh
A' dòrtadh air gach taobh;
Gu 'm b' fheàrr a bhi air bàrr nan tonn
Air long nan cranna caol,
'S a' faicinn nan seòl ùra
Ri sùgradh anns a' ghaoith.

O, fhleasgaich òig, gur gòrach leam
Do chòmhradh anns an uair:
An fhraoch-bheinn ghorm 'ga samhlachadh
Ri gleanntan glas a' chuain;
'S gur tric is aobhar caoinidh leam
A h-aon d' an d' thug mi luaidh
Bhi as mo shealladh fad air falbh
Air bharraibh garbh nan stuagh.

A rìghinn òg d' an d' thug mi gaol,
B'e bhi ri d' thaobh mo mhiann;
O'n cheud là riamh thug mi dhuit spéis
Bu tu mo reul 's mo ghrian;
Ach taobh ri taobh, a luaidh, ri d' ghaol,
Tha m' aigne 'g aomadh riamh
Gu marcachd nan tonn dùbhghorm
A dh' aindeoin dùdlachd shian.

O, leam bu mhiann a bhi 'san luing
'S an stiùir a bhi 'nam làimh,
An uair bhios muir gu nuallanach,
'Na glinn 's 'na stuaghan àrd,
A' brùchdadh barra-gheal fo a sròin,
'S le crònan seach a sàil,
I 'g éirigh eutrom air gach tonn,
Is fonn oirre ri gàir.

I 'g éirigh eutrom air an t-snàmh
Mar eala bhàn 'sa chaol,
Gach sgòd aice a mach gu cheann,
'S gach seòl a' tarruing gaoith;
I falbh le cuinnean fiata
Thar tuinn a b' fhiadhaich gaoir,
Mar steud-each crùidheach, uaibhreach,
A thug mu chluais an taod.

Is ged a bhrùchdadh gaothan oirnn
Le neart nam faoilteach fuar,
Is toirm na bagairt bhàsmhoire
Bhi 'm bàirich àrd nan stuagh,
Le murrachd mhaith is cùram,
Gheibh an iùbhrach ghasd a' bhuaidh;
'S thig fearalachd is mòralachd
Ri linn na còmhstrith chruaidh.

'S an uair a thigeadh sìochainnt
'S a bhiodh grian a' dèarrsadh caoin,
Gu 'm b' aotrom bhi le ceòl is sunnd
Cur siùil ri slatan caol;
'S an uair a bhiomaid dìomhanach,
Mo dhriamlach thar a taobh,
Is mi gu h-ait a' seinn le fonn
"A nighean donn mo ghaol."

O, òigeir ùir, nach éisd thu rium?
Ged 's mòr do spéis do 'n chuan,
Cha mhair an òige daonnan;
'S nuair thig an aois le gruaim,
Gur bochd an obair seann-duin'
Bhi mach feadh ghreann nan stuagh
Fo chathadh geal nam bòc-thonn
Tre 'n oidhche reòidhte, fhuair.

O, 's mairg ri dorchadas is stoirm,
Bhios air a' chladach leis
Na gàirdeanan bha làidir
Air fàilneachadh gun treis,
Tigh-soluis air an fhuaradh
Is gaoth is cruaidhe fead
'Gan sparradh chum an fhuaraidh,
'S an long mu 'n cuairt cha leig.

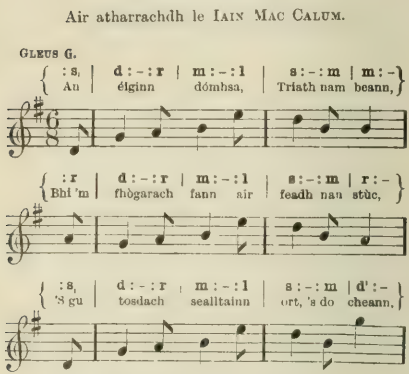
O, ainnir dhonn, na sil do dheòir
Mu bhròn nach tig a choidhch';
Tha 'n Ti a' riaghladh air a' chuan
Tha riaghladh cluaintean fraoich;
Is ged, a luaidh, a thriallas mi
Gu oirean cian an t-saoghail,
Le Thoil-san thig mi sàbhailte
Gu broilleach blàth mo ghaoil.

Is ged is goirt an dealachadh
Bidh an coinneachadh d' a réir;
'S ar cridheachan an dealas ùr
A' dlùthachadh ri chéil';
An gaol gun mheirg, gun fhàilneachadh
Ach mar a bha, gun bheud;
Gach turus-cuain 'ga ùrachadh,
A mhùirneag a' chùil réidh.

CUMHA LOCH-IALL.

FONN—"*Mìann a' Bhaird Aosda.*"

Air atharrachdh le IAIN MAC CALUM.



An éiginn dòmhsa, Triath nam beann,
Bhi 'm fhògarach fann air feadh nan stùc,
'S gu tosdach sealltainn ort, 's do cheann,
A thalla aosda, anns an ùir!

Loisg na Dearganaich gu làr
Gach baideal àrd de'n dachaidh ghaoil,
'S an tric a fhuair mi fois is blàths,
Air tilleadh dhomh bho àr nan laoch.

Nuair 'thogadh sìth a bratach suas,
'S a bhithinn-sa le m' thuath-cheathairn' fhéin
Tigh'nn luchdaichte gu tùr nam buadh
Bho 'n chreachann fhuar 's am biodh na féidh.

Bu phailt am fìon 's bhiodh pìob air ghleus,
'S i caithreamach mu'r n-euchd 's a' bhlàr;
'S trath bheireadh seanchaidh greis air sgeul,
Mu ghniomhannan nan treun a bha.

Bhiodh crìdh' gach cuiridh laist' 'na chom,
'S e ann am fonn gu bhi 's an àr;
Gach Camshronach 's a bhóid gu trom
Gu ainm bhi measg nan sonn 's an dàn.

Nuair thogainn-sa mo shròl a suas,
'S crois-tàraidh le luaths na gaoith',
G'an tional gu toiteal nan tuagh,
'S ann riamh gu buaidh a thriall na laoich.

Bha uamhann air na Goill roimh 'n ainm,
Ged tha 'n diugh pailm Chuil-fhodair ac',
'S i 'm bàn-fhuil fhéin bhiodh fo na buinn,
Na 'm biodh ar suinn gu léir 'nar taic.

A thaibhse Bhruce, dèan faire leam,
Is sileamaid ar deòir le cheil';
Chuir t' Albainn fhéin an diugh air chùl,
Oighre do chrùin: is mór am beud!

Ceannairc 'na aghaidh cha dèan mi,
'S do choigreach mar rìgh cha lùb;
An aobhar tròcair their iad rium,
Thug iad bho m' Phrionnsa gaoil a chrùn.

An Dùitsich no 'n Guelphich an d'fhuair
Tròcair no truacantas tàmh?
Na d'ollainnich fhuiltich bho 'n uaigh,
Ghlinn-Comhann, luaidh dhuinn sgeul do chràidh.

Is éireadh sìbhs', a laocha mór
A thuit an "Cuil-fhodair" nan creuchd;
Is innsibh nuair a laigh sibh leòint',
Mar rinn an "Cù" ur feòil a reub.

Bi 'd thosd, mo chridh', is sguir a d' thùrs';
Cha 'n àm gu tuireadh so no tàmh;
Mo chreach mo làmh bhi 'n diugh gun lùths
Gu dìoghladh air son luchd mo ghràidh.

A dhachaidh àigh, bu làn de ghaol
Gach broilleach caomh a'd thaobh a steach;
'S mu 'n cuairt do d' theallaich gheibhteadh faoilt',
Leis an aoighe aimbeartach.

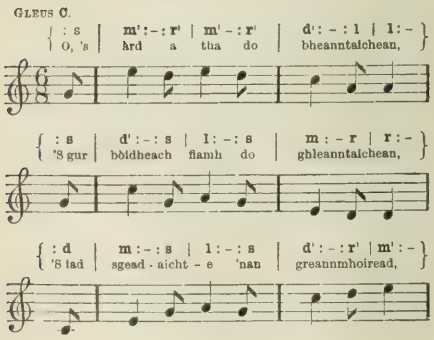
Ged bhios mi 'm fhògrach thall thar chuain,
Cha téid á m' chuimhn' na h-uairean òir
A chaith mi measg do thulman uain',
O Ach-na-carraigh, m' uachdran slòigh.

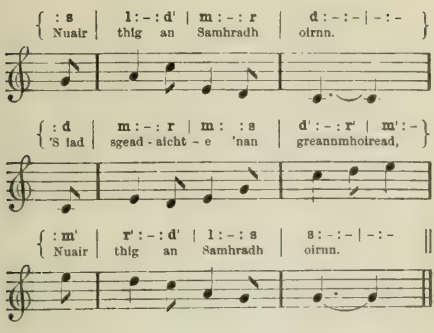
A nis tha lòchran sèimh na h-oidhch'
A' boillsgeadh ort, a Ghlinn mo chridh;
'S gur h-éiginn triall mu 'n toir i soills'
Do dhaoidhearan a th'air mo thì.

Triallaidh mi gu gleann an fhraoich
'S am beil Prionns' mo ghaoil a' tàmh;
Fo cheangal ciùin a' chadail chaoin,
Ni tamull beag e saor bho chràdh.

LOCH-ABAR.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.





O, 's àrd a tha do bheanntaichean,
'S gur bòidheach fiamh do ghleanntaichean,
'S iad sgeadaichte 'nan greannmhoiread,
Nuair thig an Samhradh oirnn.

Gur fraochach, feurach, blàth-mhaiseach,
Do thulaichean is t' àileinean,
'S am measg do fhlùran àireamhar
An lili bàn 's an ròs.

'S a' mhadainn mhuich bu chùbhraidh leam
Am fàile, is trom-dhriùchd orra,
Gu soilleir, braonach, cùrneineach,
'Gan ùrachadh 's gach pòr.

'S a chluinnteadh an damh cabarach
'S a' chreachann àrd 's a' chamhanaich,
'S e reachdorachd 's an langanaich,
'S an eilid ghlas 'na chòir.

'S na h-uiseagan 's na smeòraichean,
Le 'n ribheid fhéin ri canntaireachd,
'S lon-dubh nam pongan seannsaile
Am bàrr nan crann ri ceòl.

Tha aibhnichean de dh' fhìoruisge
Tha soilleir mar an crìostal innt';
'S bu mhilse leam, is ìotadh orm,
Na 'm fion a bhi 'ga òl.

Mo chreach Lòchaidh nam bradan
A bhi 'n diugh fo chìs aig Sasunnaich;
O, 's tric a dh'iath sàr-ghaisgich uimp'
Le brataichean 's le ceòl.

'S e chleachd na h-uaislean Abarach,
Le 'n tuath-cheathairn' uallaich, astaraich,
Bhi siubhal ghleann is leacainnean,
A' sealg air daimh na cròic.

'S a' tilleadh leis na ghlacadh iad,
Gu lùchairt àrd nam baidealan,
Bhiodh pìob a' seinn ard-chaisimeachd,
Is fion na Spàinnt 'ga òl.

Mac Dhòmhnuill-dhuibh 's a laochraidh,
Na fir uasal, chàirdeil, dhaonnachdail,
Làn suaîrceis, blàis, is aoighealachd,
B'iad gaol nan nìonag òg.

O, 's mairg ri 'm biodh am baitealaich,
Fo 'n éideadh bòideach, breacanach,
'S piob-mhór nan dlùth-phort tartarach,
Aig fear bu ghraide meòir.

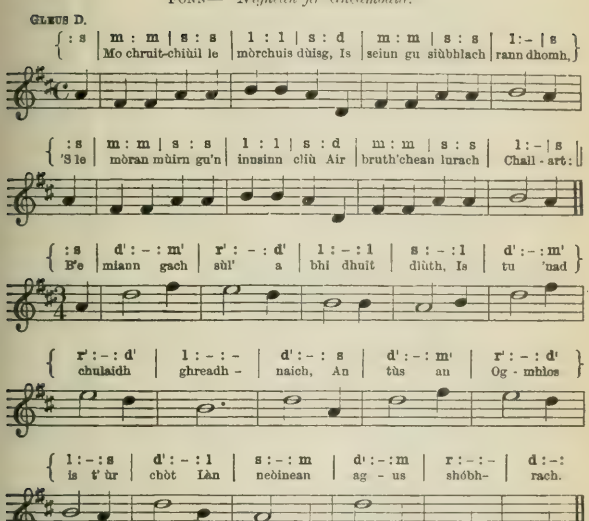
Le 'n tuaghannan glan, lìomharra,
'S le 'n claidhean-mòr nach dìbireadh,
Cha d'rugadh nàmh a chìosnaicheadh
'S an strìth na feara mór.

Ach sgapadh sliochd nan laocha ud,
'S na gleanntan àrd 's na h-aonaichean,
A chleachd bhi làn cruidh-laogh aca,
Tha nìs air caochladh nòis.

Gun duine air na làraichean,
Ach Goill is caoraich bhàn aca,
'S mac-talla searbh de 'n clàbaireachd,
Gur Gàidhlig air 'n robh 'eòl.

CALLART.

FONN—"*Nighean fir Gheambaill.*"



Mo chruit-chiùil le mòrchuis dùisg,
Is seinn gu siùbhlach rann dhomh,
'S le mòran mùirn gu 'n innsinn cliù
Air bruth'chean lurach Challart:
B'e miann gach sùl a bhi dhuit dlùth,
Is tu 'nad chulaidh ghreadhnaich,
An tùs an Oghmios is t' ùr chòt'
Làn neòinean agus shóbhrach.

Gur bòidheach grian ré fad an lò,
Gu h-òrbhuidh air do chluaintean,
Mar adharc-pailtis, 'taom gu 'n airc ort
Gach maise, a chualas.

Gheibheadh am fear anfhann càil,
'S an fhàileadh ghlan, gun truailleadh
Tha measg do thulman, uaine feòir,
'S na ròsan, tha mu d' bhruachan.

O, 's beag a chailleas tu de d' sgiamh,
Ged dh' fhalbhas fiamh an t-Samhraidh,
'S gach craobh dhiot snuaghmhor leis an uaine
Tha suaicheanta le seòrsa,
Bagailtean ruiteach air caorann,
'S fraoch 'na chulaidh-bhainnse;
'S ged thig le gruaim a' ghaillionn fhuar
Cha laigh ort tuar a' Ghleamhraidh.

'S ann air do phàircean molach feòir,
A's lodail a bhios cruachan,
Is air do dhailthean bhios an t-arbhar
Diasach, tarbhach, smuaiseach.
Mnathan gu luinneagach, gnìomhach,
Leagadh sìos nan sguab dheth,
'S an fhuil chraobhach le teas iomairt
A' mire 'nan gruaidhean.

'S gur a bliochdor, laoghmhor, torrach,
Do mhonaidhean sgiamhach,
Feurach, fuaranach gach coire,
'S am faighteadh am fiadhach,
Tarmachain nan creachann fuara,
An coileach-ruadh, 's an liath-chearc,
'S air do shealgair dol ri d' gharbhlach
Cha bhiodh fhalbhan dìomhain.

B'e ceòl mo ghaoil a bhi mu d' raoin
Ag éisdeachd laoidh nan alltan,
Cruitearachd mhilis an lòin-duibh,
'S òraidean na smeòraich,
Uiseag dòrtadh bho na neòil oirnn
Orain nach 'eil cainnt orr',
'S iad mar gu 'n cual i pong no dha
Bho chlàrsaichean nan aingiean.

'S ann air do làr tha 'n t-aitreabh àillt'
'S am faighteadh gràdh is faoilteachd;
Bhiodh ceòl na pìob is cuirm gun dìth
'S an àrois ghrinn ri fhaotainn,
Aig sliochd nan àrmunn b'iad 's an àrfhaich
Meangain àrd na laochraidh,
Ursannan-catha na gaisge
'S brataichean 'gan sgaoileadh.

Cha b' ann mar rainich, no luachair
Rinn ur n-uaisle cinntinn,
Daragan aosmhor na h-Alba,
B' ainmeil anns gach linn sibh,
Ceannardan buadhmhor nam feachdan
Mu 'm beil eachdraidh sgriobhte,
A leanadh tre dhiachainn an ceartas,
'S 'g am bu reachd an fhìrinn.

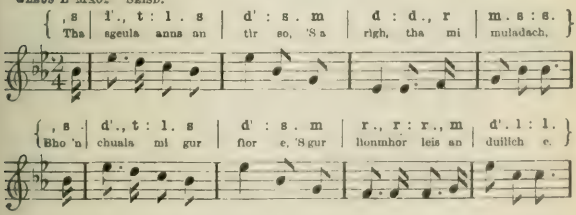
Ged dh' fhalbh na daragan rìoghail,
Sheasadh sinn 'nar cruadal,
Dh' fhàg iad againn na fiùrain
A's fiùghaile buadhan,
Rosan air broilleach a' Chéitein,
Cuinn bho gheugaibh uaibhreach,
'S bho 'n dian fhathasd fiùrain éirigh,
Le tréine an dualchais.

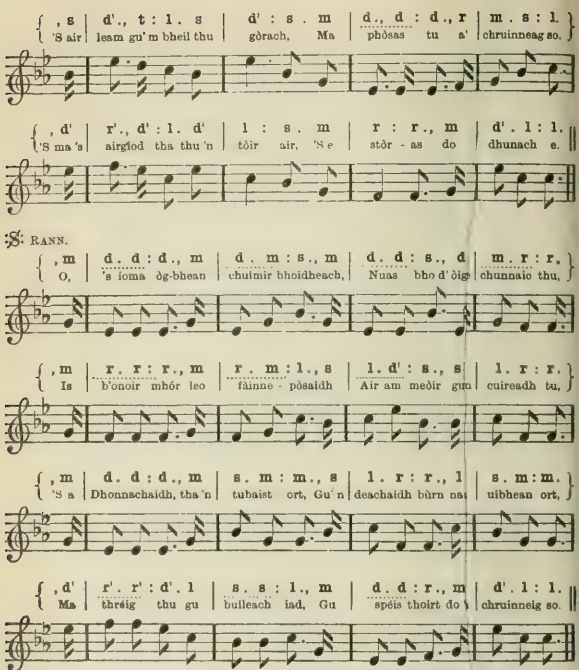
'S bho 'n a dh' fhàg mi tìr mo ghaoil,
Gur h-ioma taobh bha m' fhalbhan.
Bho 'n t-Suain, is Lochlann, 's an Olainnd,
Au Fhràing mhòr 's a' Ghearmailt,
Cha sàsaich am briaghad mo shùil,
Ged 's plùranach neo-gharbh iad,
'S mi cuimhneachadh t' fhalluinn 's a' Chéitein
Le seudan a' dealradh.

A DHONNACHAIDH THA 'N TUBAIST ORT.

Oran do dhuin'-uasal a bha dol a phòsadh te nach robh taitneach le chairdean.

FONN—"*Seann Triubhas Uilleachain.*"





Al Segno leis an dara uid de 'n Rann.

SEISD:—

Tha sgeula anns an tìr so,
'S a rìgh, tha mi muladach,
Bho 'n chuala mi gur fìor e,
'S gur lìonmhor leis an duilich e.
'S air leam gu 'm bheil thu gòrach,
Ma phòsas tu a' chruinneag so.
'S ma 's airgiod tha thu 'n tòir air,
'S e stòras do dhunach e.

O, 's ioma òg-bhean chuimir bhòidheach,
Nuas bho d' òige chunnaic thu;
Is b'onoir mhór leo fàinne-pòsaidh
Air am meòir gu'n cuireadh tu,
'S a Dhonnachaidh, tha 'n tubaist ort,
Gu 'n deachaidh bùrn nan uibhean ort,
Ma thréig thu gu buileach iad,
Gu spéis thoirt do 'n chruinneig so.
Cha 'n 'eil i idir bòidheach,
Is tha i gann de dh'fhòghlum,
Is cha 'n 'eil aon ni còrr aic'
De dh'eòlas no 'bhunaltais.
Cha 'n 'eil air a buailidh
Crodh druimionn no crodh guaillionn,
'S cha 'n 'eil i de shliochd uaislean—
'S dé bhuaidh oirre chunnaic thu?

Tha sgeula anns, &c.

Gur mór a tha de ghruaman
Air uaislean 's air cumanta;
Am follais is an uaigneas,
Tha 'n sluagh uile bruidhinn ort,
Thu chromadh sios cho fuath'sach
A thogail ni cho suarach,
'S gur h-iomadaidh bean-uasal
A bheireadh luaidh le furan dhuit.
Tha tàmailt na dunach
Air do chàirdean bu duineala,
'S do nàimhdean 'g iarraidh fàth
Air bhi gàireachdaich umadsa.
Mu 'm faca tu 'n cailin ud,
O, 's oil leam nach do thachair e,
Thu sheòladh do dh'Australia,
Ged b'fhad thu gun tilleadh as.

Tha sgeula anns, &c.

Fhir mhóir a' bhroillich àlainn,
Air sràid gur h-e 'n cuiridh thu;
'S bho 'n 's tù mo charaid bàigheil,
'S e 's dàn dhomh bhi duineil riut;
'S na 'm faicinn air do shealbh te
Nuair rachadh i ad charbad,
Gu 'm biodh tu 'd chulaidh-fharmaid,
Gu dearbh bhithinn sulasach.

Na'n taobhadh tu ri guamaig
Le meas, is maise, 's uaisle,
Ri faicinn ri do ghualainn,
Bhiodh uaill oirnn is suigeartachd;
'S gu 'n dèanainn-sa gu h-éibhinn
A' chlàrsach so a ghleusadh,
An àit bhi seinn gu deurach
Ri seisd Briogais Uilleachain.

ORAN DHOMHNUILL.

FONN—"*Am Fiadh.*"

Faicear am fonn air leth-taobh 39.

'S ann moch Di-ciadain thug sinn ar cùlaobh
Ri tir ar dùthchais, 's bu shunndach sinn;
Gu 'm b' aotrom siùbhlach a dh' fhalbh an iùbhrach,
Air bhàrr chuan dùghorm bu chiùine leinn.
Bha ghrian gu bòidheach a' dèarrsadh oirnne,
'S a gathan òr-bhuidh toirt sòlais dhuinn,
Is air Hanòbhar rinn sinne seòladh,
'S a' mhuir ri ceòl dhuinn le crònan binn.

Ach cian mu'n thriall a' ghrian do 'n iar uainn,
Gu 'n dhorch an iarmailt le mòran gruaim,
Thuit is dhùin i gu tiugh m' ar cùlaobh,
'S bha 'n fhairge 'g ùnich le mòran fuaim;
Bha 'n "Gleann Comhann" ro mhath gu seòladh,
'S bha sgiobadh còrr air a bòrd 's an uair,
Ach ged bha càch uile mar bu chòir dhaibh,
Gur ann air Dòmhnull a bhios mi luaidh.

O 's ann á Uidhist a thàinig Dòmhnull,
'S bha e de sheòrsa Chloinn-ghille-mhaoil,
Is cha bu Spainnteach a bha 's an òigear,
Ged 's iomadh seòladair sud a shaoil.
Bha fhalt cho dorcha ri sgiath na ròcuis,
'S a shuilean colgail le lainnir bhaoith,
'S a chraiceann ciar-dhubh cho sleamhainn ròmach,
Ri bian an ròin a bhios anns a' chaol.

Cha teid mi 'n dràsda a dhèanamh sgeòil duibh,
Mu 'n obair mhòir a rinn e 's an àm,
Ach leis an spàirn bh' air a' tarruing còrcuich,
Gu'n chaill e bhròganᵃ gu h-àrd 's a' chrann;
'S an uair bu chruaidhe bha ghaoth a' seideadh,
Gu 'n d' rinn e éifeachd dhuinn nach robh gann,
Nuair gheall e tasdan do chaillich airceil,
A bha làn airsneil an Uidhist thall.

Bha 'n "Gleann Comhann" air bhàrr thonn uaine,
A' falbh cho uallach ri h-eala bhàin,
'S gu 'm b'e an sòlas bhi leis a' ghuamaig,
A mach air chuan far nach faicteadh tràigh;
Is i le sinteig a' dol gu fuaradh,
A dh'aindeoin nuallan nan stuaghan ard,
Bha briseadh barra-gheal gu doirbh mu cruachainn,
'S 'ga crith gu guailnean 's a h-uile clàr.

'S an uair a ràinig sinn Heligòland,
A' dèarrsadh oirnne bha sholus grinn—
Sealladh àigh sud do shùil an t-seòladair,
An dèidh bhi còmhrag ri muir is tuinn.
"Seall tu an lòchran," thuirt mis' ri Dòmhnull,
"Gur fad o d' eòlas a tha thu, shuinn,
Sinn fad o Albainn a nis 's a' Ghearmailt,
Measg dhaoine garg 's iad gun seanchas dhuinn."

Le gàire magail 's ann labhair Dòmhnull,
"Och ochain, 's gòrach, a *Mheistear* † sibh,
Sibh an dùil gur a buraidh 'n t-òigear,
Ach cha 'n 'eil Dòmhnull cho fada clìth;
'S ann leis dhinn shios ud tha dùthaich m' òige,
Ochòin 's ann dòmhsa is aithne 'n tìr,
'S e 'n solus sònraicht tha dèarrsadh oirrne,
Ceann Bharraidh bhòidhich—air 's eòlach mi."

Ach anns a' mhadainn 's ann sheall an t-òigear,
Le ioghnadh mór air gach taobh mu 'n cuairt,
Oir ged bha 'n abhainn gu sinteach farsaing,
Gu 'n d' inns' a cladach nach b'i sud Cluaidh;
Thuit geilt is airsneul air cridh' an lasgair,
'S cha labhradh facal 's cha sheinneadh duan,
'S a chas air tìr, 's e cho fad o eòlas,
Cha chuireadh Dòmhnull air mhòran duais.

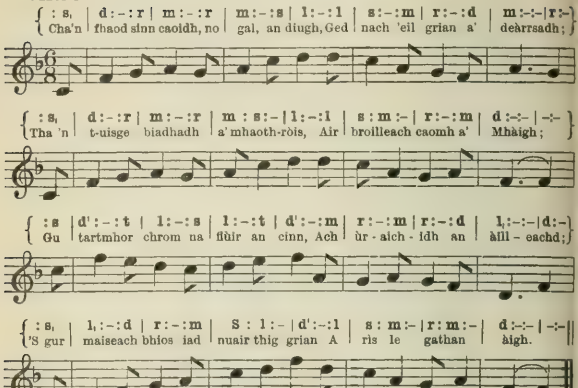
ᵃGhoid Dòmhnull bròg an 's a' phort 's an robh sinn. Bha iad mòr dha, agus thuit iad dheth anns a' chrann.

† Dh' fhairtlich air Dòmhnull riamh, "a Mhistress" a ràdh. Is e "Mheistear" a gheibhinn daonnan uaith.

CRÒNAN AN LATHA DHORCH.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS F.



Cha'n fhaod sinn caoidh, no gal, an diugh,
Ged nach 'eil grian a' dèarrsadh;
Tha 'n t-uisge biadhadh a' mhaoth-ròis,
Air broilleach caomh a' Mhàigh;
Gu tartmhor chrom na flùir an cinn,
Ach ùraichidh an àilleachd;
'S gur maiseach bhios iad nuair thig grian
A ris le gathan àigh.

Na neòil tha dorch, ach theid iad seach,
Is seinnidh sinn gu ceòlmhor;
'S le fiughair seallt uinn air son soills',
Gu 'm fuadaich sinn gach bròn;
Am màireach bidh a' ghrian a mach,
'S a' choill air chrith le òran;
'S gach cuiseag 's feòirnean an déidh nam fras,
Na's ùrair air gach lòn.

Tha 'n iarmailt fliuch, is fuar, an diugh,
Ach cha bhi sinn fo ghruaman;
Thig creideamh, 's gràdh, air aoidheachd leinn,
'S bidh dòchas uasal grìnn
Ag itealaich gu mànranach
Mu 'n mhàireach shoilleir bhuadhar,
'S am bi gach fiùr fo bhlàth 'nar ceum,
'S na h-eòin ri ceilear binn.

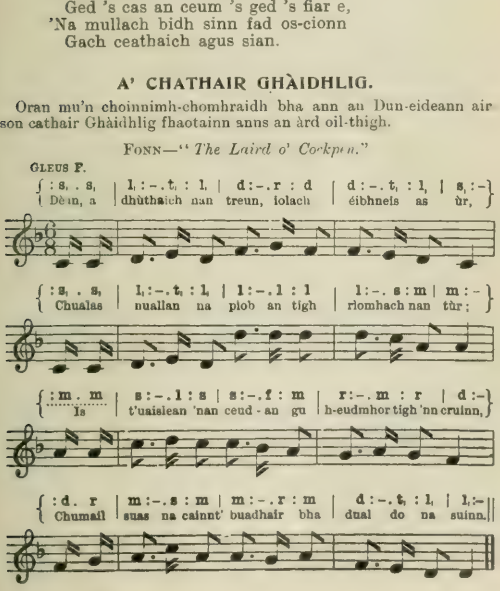
Agus ged a thig an Geamhradh oirnn,
Le gaillinn 's cathadh fiadhaich;
O, cumamaid ar cridh'chean treun,
Le cuimhne gu 'n tig grian;
Gu ceòlmhor direamaid a' bheinn,
Ged 's cas an ceum 's ged 's fiar e,
'Na mullach bidh sinn fad os-cionn
Gach ceathaich agus sian.

A' CHATHAIR GHÀIDHLIG.

Oran mu'n choinnimh-chomhraidh bha ann an Dun-eideann air son cathair Ghàidhlig fhaotainn anns an àrd oil-thigh.

FONN—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

GLEUS F.



Dèan, a dhùthaich nan treun, iolach éibhneis as ùr,
Chualas nuallan nam pìob an tigh riomhach nan tùr;
Is t'uaislean 'nan ceudan gu h-eudmhor tigh'nn cruinn,
Chumail suas na cainnt' buadhair bha dual do na suinn.

Chruinnich baintighearnan mìn-gheal 'nan sìde 's nan sròl,
'S iad a' boillsgeadh le seudan, mar reultan 's na nèoil;
Am maise 's an àilleas toirt bàrr air a chéil';
'S an gaol air a' Ghàidhlig 'ga ghnàth chur 'an céill.

O lìonaibh dhomh còrn is gu 'n òl mi le fonn,
Deoch-slàinte nan uaislean, sliochd uaibhreach nan sonn,
'S air tùs cuiream fàilt air an t-sàr bh'air an ceann
Am morair bho Cholonsa nan gorm ghleann 's nam beann.

A shliochd nan leòmhann treun chleachd 'san teugbhail a' bhuaidh,
Tha subhailcean gun àireamh a ghnàth ort ri luaidh;
'S nuair bhios maithean as gach àit anns an "Ard-thigh" le chéil',
Cha bhi aon ann bheir bàrr air a' Ghàidheal Mac Nèill.

'S bha Cluainidh gu h-uaibhreach le shuaichantas fhèin,
Ceann-feadhn' 'gam bu dualach bhi cuantachail treun;
Bha na Pearsanaich riamh ri àm diachainn ro-chruaidh;
'S bhiodh am brataichean sgaoilt' air na gaoithean, le buaidh.

'S tha fuil uasal bho mhàthair ag éirigh 'na phòr,
Dream nach reiceadh an fhìrinn air ni no air òr;
Na Camshronaich mheanmnach bha ainmeil 's gach strì,
Bhiodh 'nan leomhainn 's an tuasaid 's 'nan uain 'n àm na sìth.

'S bha 'n Siorra Mac Neacail am breacan bha grinn,
Gaisgeach rìoghail nam buadh sheinneadh duanag gu binn;
Cridh' fearail an t-saighdeir 's mar mhaighdinn e ciùin,
Sùil mar lainnir nan leug bhios air éideadh mo rùin.

Sealgair an damh chràcaich 's an àrd chreachunn ghlas,
'S bheireadh bradan gu bruaich as an fhuair linge chais,
Bidh ceartas is tròcair triall còmhl' riut tre 'n t-saoghal
Is claon-bhreith gu bràth cha toir àrmunn mo ghaoil.

'S a stùcannan ceòmhor, ur nèoil cuiribh dhìbh,
Ged b' fhada ann an dòlas 's am bròn a bha sìbh,
Tha ghrian bhuidh dòrtadh a h-òir air gach sliabh,
'S a gathannan àigh mu gach àrd-bheinn a' sniomh.

Thugadh clàrsach nan teud nis bhàrr geugan a' bhròin,
'S cha leig sinn rithist annt' i, ri 'r n-àm, no le 'r deòin.
Buailidh sinn gu h-àrd i le gàirdeachas mòr,
'S sinn ag cluinntinn na Gàidhlig bhi fàs ann an treòir.

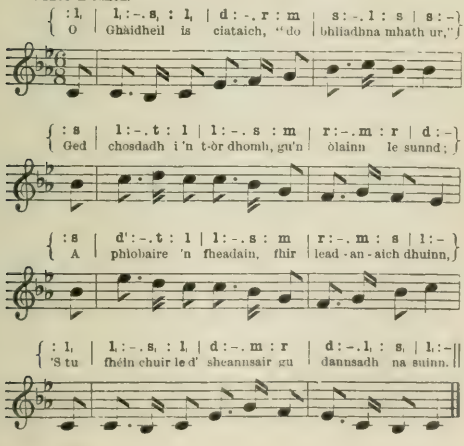
A chànain mo mhàthair, a chànain mo ghaoil,
Bidh tu fàs ann an sgiamh, gus 'm bi crioch air àn t-saogh'l;
'S ged bha thu gu tinn gheibhear cinnteach dhuit léigh,
'S bidh tu luinneagach binn feadh gach linn thig 'nar déidh.

'S tric a chuala mi dàn a rinn Bàrd do shìol Duimhn',
'S e mu mhac mu dheireadh Adhamh ri fàidhdearachd dhuinn,
E bhi labhairt ris a ghréin 's iad le chéil' dol gu bàs:
'S ann an Gàidhlig gur cinnt' leam a dh' innseas e 'chàs.

ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN SIOSAL, FEAR ALLT NA GLAISLIG.

FONN—"*Cogadh no Sith.*"

GLEUS E MAOL.



O Ghàidheil is ciataich, "do bhliadhna mhath ùr,"
Ged chosdadh i 'n t-òr dhomh gu 'n òlainn le sunnd;
A phìobaire 'n fheadain, fhir leadanaich dhuinn,
'S tu fhèin chuir le d' sheannsair gu dannsadh na suinn.

Bu shiùbhlach an ribheid, 's bu mhilis an gleus,
Is b'fhileant' na meòir thug an ceòl a bha réidh;
Gu 'm b' uaibhreach an aigne bh' aig gaisgeach mo ghaoil,
'S bu rìoghail an Gàidheal mac àillidh nan laoch.

O Shiosalaich ghasda, 's ceann-feachd thu le buaidh,
Sàr shaighdear gun ghealtachd, gun mheatachd dhuit dual;
Thu shìol nam fear calm', agus dhearbh thu do chòir
Air giulan àrd-ainm agus meanmna do sheòrs'.

'S i 'n deise bu mhiann leat, an deise bu dual,
An deise bha gràdhach le armuinn do shluaigh;
Cha b' i bhriogais lachdunn a thaitinneadh ribh,
Ach féileadh cruinn socair an cogadh 's an sìth.

O Fhir Allt-na-Glaislig gur math thig dhuit fhéin
A' bhoineid 's am breacan aig clachan no féill,
Am feileadh-beag-cuaiche 's do shuaicheantas àrd,
'S do leugan a' boillsgeadh mar dhaoimean gu h-àillt!

A lasgaire chiataich 's tu 's fiachail 's gach cùis,
Tha seirc agus maise a' lasadh 'nad ghnùis;
O c' àit an robh cuachag measg ghruagach na tìr
Nach rachadh am fuadach leat, uasail mo chridh!

'S tu sealgair an fhéidh agus sealgair an eòin,
'S tu sealgair na h-eal' agus sealgair a' gheòidh,
Le d' ghunna neo-chearbach 's tu dh' fhalbhadh an fhrìth,
'S a shiubhladh an fhuar-bheinn air cruaidhead na sìn'.

Do mhiann bhi 's a' chreachann 's am faighte 'n damh donn—
Ged 's lùthor a leum bithidh e reubt' air an fhonn
Nuair chuireas tu 'n cuilbhear gu cuimseach ri d' shùil,
'S a shradas gu buadhor do luaidhe mu chùl.

A Phìobair an fheadain, ged 's beadarach binn
Bhi d' éisdeachd an seòmar 'n àm ceòl bhi 'ga sheinn,
Tha t' aigne cho àrd ann an àrfhaich nan tuagh,
'S an taobh air am bi thu gur cinnteach dha buaidh.

O, àrd biodh do bhratach is tartrach do phìob,
Fhir labhairt na Gàidhlig gu mànranach binn;
Tha m' earbsa, fhìr chalma, á d' ainm bhi 'ga ghairm
Le cliù mar is còir dha, 'nad chòirnealair airm.

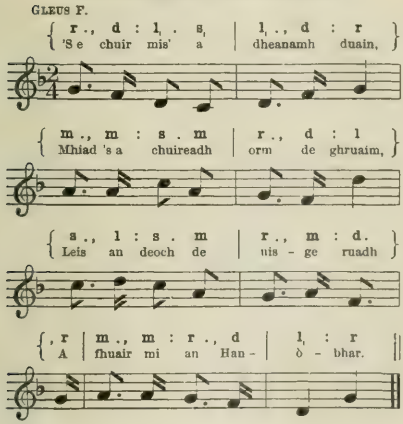
O, 's rìoghail an Gàidheal thu, ghràidh nam fear treun,
'S e caismeachd do phìoba chuir m' ìnntinn gu gleus,
Thu leantuinn seann dualchas nam fuar bheanna fraoich—
An tìr ghlan a b' àbhaist bhi 'g àrach nan laoch!

A mhór Ghàidheil chiataich, do "bhliadhna mhath ùr,"
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-òr dhomh, gu 'n òlainn le sùnnd;
A phìobair' an fheadain, fhir leadanaich dhuinn,
'S tu fhéin chuir le d' sheannsair gu dannsadh na suinn!

AN T-UISGE RUADH.

FONN—"*Mo nighean donn is boidheche.*"

GLEUS F.



SEISD:

O hi-rì, ho raill ó,
Raill ó, ho raill ó;
O hi-rì, ho raill ó,
Mo chridhe trom, 's cha neònach.

'S e chuir mis' a dheanamh duain
Mhiad 's a chuireadh orm de ghruaim,
Leis an deoch de uisge ruadh
A fhuair mi an Hanòbhar.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S ainneamh chaochail sruth os cionn
A' chlàbair a bha ann an grunnd
Na h-aibhne a bha ruith gun sunnd
Le bùrn nach tugadh sòlas.
O hi-rì, &c.

Coma leam an t-uisge glas,
Coma leam a dhreach 's a bhlas,
'S mór gu 'm b' fheàrr na feadain bhras
A thig bho chais' nam mór-bheann!
O hi-rì, &c.

Cha robh fionnarachd ann riamh
Mar bha 'n sruthanan nan sliabh
Chuireadh fallaineachd an cliabh
Gach iotmhor a ni òl asd'.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S i mo rùn-sa Tìr-nam-beann—
Abhainn fhìor-uisg' anns gach gleann;
Torman binn aig mile allt,
'S iad mar bhean-bainns' an òrdugh!
O hi-rì, &c.

Còmhdach mìn-fheòir air gach bruaich,
Laist' le ròsan 's bòidhche snuagh;
'S gur h-ìocshlainteach a' sruthain fhuar,
Nach cruadhaich a' ghaoth-reòite.
O hi-rì, &c.

A thìr an fhìor-uisg', thìr mo chridh',
'S beag an t-ìoghnadh ged a bhiodh
An ròs 's an lili a' cur strì
An gruaidhean mìne t'òigridh!
O hi-rì, &c.

'S neartmhor t'osag leam, 's gur h-ùr
Ag éirigh luchdaichte le tùis,
Nuair tha ghrian ag òl an driùchd
Bho d' thrusgan flùrach, bòidheach.
O hi-rì, &c.

Cha b' ioghnadh Deòrsa bhi an diumb
Ris an Og d' an d' thug thu rùn;
Bu tu 'n neamhnaid ann a chrùn,
Is cha b'i dùthaich òige.
O hi-rì, &c.

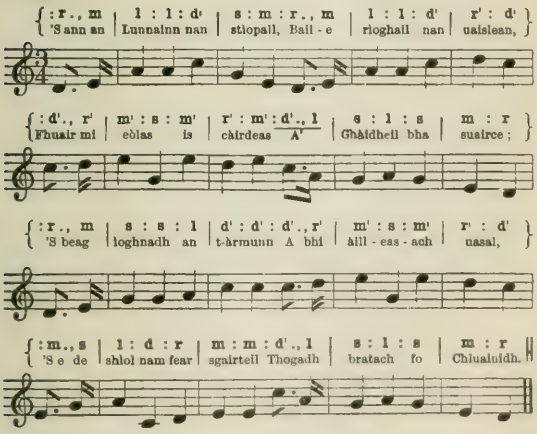
'S ged tha mis' an so air chuairt,
Tha 'n "Gleann-Comhann" eutrom luath;
'S nuair a théid a siùil a suas,
'S ann tuath a ni i seòladh.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S nuair ruigeas mi tìr an àigh,
Tìr mo dhàimh is luchd mo ghràidh,
Nàile, théid mi-fhèin gun dàil,
A dh' òl mo shàth á Lòchaidh.
O hi-rì, &c.

SGIOBAIR CHLANN MHUIRICH.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS C.



'S ann an Lunnainn nan stìopall,
Baile rìoghail nan uaislean,
Fhuair mi eòlas is càirdeas
A' Ghàidheil bha suairce;
'S beag ìoghnadh an t-àrmunn
A bhi àilleasach, uasal,
'S e de shìol nam fear sgairteil
Thogadh bratach fo Chluainidh.

Sgiobair calma, glan, cuimir,
D'am b'aithne luingeas a sheòladh;
Cha 'n ann mu thimchioll nan cùiltean,
'S nan stùcanna ceòthar;
'S ann a thàirneadh tu cùrsa
Air gach dùthaich fad bho d'eòlas;
'S thilleadh dhachaidh gu buadhar
Dh' aindeoin nuallan thonn mòra.

Thoir mo shoiridh le beannachd
Dh' ionnsaidh Phearsanaich loinneil,
Le dùrachd is fàilte
Anns gach àite 's an coinnich:
'S e mo ghuidhe gu 'm buain e
Meangan uasal gun choire,
Air 'na leag e a shùil
Am bàrr ùrail na coille.

'S math leam agad a' mhaighdeann,
Bho 'n 's i daoimean na tìr i;
'S ged nach fhaigh thu leath' saibhreas,
Gheibh thu oighreachd bhios prìseil:
Gheibh thu grinneas is suairceas,
Mathas, uaisl', agus sìochaint,
Bean mhaiseach ri d' ghualainn
Nach cuir bruaidlean air t' ìnntinn.

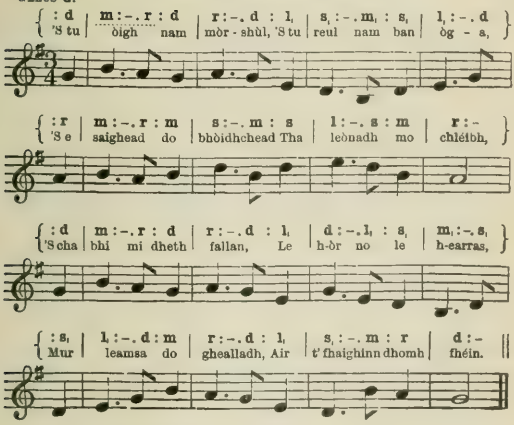
Sùil mar dhearcaig a' bhruthaich,
Falt mar fhitheach nam mòr-bheann;
Mar shuth-chraobh tha a bilean,
Bho am milis na pògan;
Aghaidh mhàlda gun ghruaman,
Aig a' ghruagaich dh' fhàs mòthar;
'S i a' dearbhadh a dualchais
Ann a gluasad gu còmhnard.

Làmh chur grinneis air éideadh,
'S a dhèanadh euchd leis an t-snàthaid;
Dhèanadh sniomhach, na 'm b' fheum e,
Cho math ri peurlainn no fàitheam;
I tuigseach 'na còmhradh
Banail, mòthar, gun fhàillinn;
'S bho 'n is math leam air dòigh thu,
Guidheam còir dhuit air Màiri.

OIGH NAM MÒR-SHUL.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS G.



'S tu òigh nam mòr-shùl,
'S tu reul nam ban-òga,
'S e saighead do bhòidhchead
Tha leònadh mo chléibh,
'S cha bhi mi dheth fallan,
Le h-òr no le h-earras,
Mur leamsa do ghealladh,
Air t' fhaighinn dhomh fhéin.

Sùil lionta ghlan shocair,
Tha 'g innseadh gu toirteil,
Mu 'n chridhe neo-lochdach,
Tha 'm broilleach nan seud,
Na 'n laist' i le gaol dhomh,
Gur mise bhiodh aobhach,
'S cha bhiodh leam 's an t-saoghal,
Ach faoineis gun fheum.

Gur bòidheach do chuailean,
Gur dathte do ghruaidhean,
Gur lìonmhor do bhuadhan,
A chuachag nam beus,
Gur binne na 'n smeorach,
Do chaol ghuth ri h-òran,
'S gur caoin thu na 'n ròs,
Anns an òg-mhios air ghéig.

Gur rìomhach a' mhàldag thu,
Siobhalt neo-dhàna,
'S e grinneas do nàduir
A thàlaidh mi-fhéin,
'S e m' aighear 's mo luaidh thu,
Mo shonas, 's mo shuaimhneas,
'S mur dean mi do bhuannachd,
'S mi 's truaighe fo 'n ghréin.

O 's trom mi fo airsneal,
Gun aon ni 'na thlachd dhomh,
'S mo chridhe làn acrais,
Is tart air do dhéidh;
'S na 'm faighinn air làimh thu,
Le deagh-ghean do chàirdean,
Mo mhisneach bhiodh àrd,
Is mo nàdur bhiodh treun.

Gu 'n gleidh mi thu rìomhach,
Le guntaichean sìoda,
Is seudan nan Innsean,
Bidh cinnteach dhuit réidh;
O 'n bheinn bheir mi fiadhach,
'S o 'n abhainn an t-iasg dhuit,
'S cha 'n iarr mi de mhiann,
Ach bhi riarach do spéis.

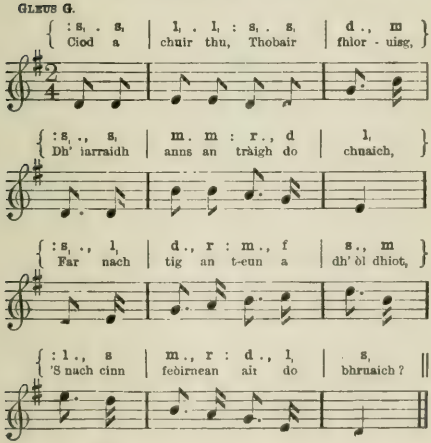
O thig ma tà, chuachag,
'S le cagar 's an uaigneas,
Do m' chridhe thoir suaimhneas,
Neo 's buan bhios mo chreuchd;
Ma 's mise do leannan,
Na gleidh mi fo smalan,
'S gur fheàrr leam do ghealladh,
Na fearrann is spréidh.

Do shùil tha mar dhaoimean,
No reul bheul na h-oidhche,
O tionndaidh le caoimhneas,
Is soills' air mo cheum;
'S gu 'n teid le a solus,
Gu euchd is gu sonas,
Is m' éibhneas do m' bhroilleach,
Mar shnothach do 'n ghéig.

ORAN DO THOBAR.

A Chunnaic mi ann an traigh Loch Eribol.

Fonn le Iain Mac Calum.



Ciod e chuir thu, Thobair fhìoruisg,
Dh' iarraidh anns an tràigh do chuaich,
Far nach tig an t-eun a dh' òl dhiot,
'S nach cinn feòirnean air do bhruaich?

Gur milis 's gur grinn thu, Fhuarain,
'S air leam fhéin gur cruaidh do dhàn,
Am falach am broilleach na mara,
Fhad 's a mhaireas am muir-làn.

B' fheàrr leam t' fhaicinn anns an fhìreach,
No an innis ghuirm nan craobh,
Far an òilt' thu moch is feasgar,
Leis an eilid is a laogh.

Far an tigeadh an damh cabrach,
O leabaidh 's a' chreachann fhuar,
Dh' òl gu deòthasach de 'n fhìoruisg,
Rinn fhalluinn co sgiamhach tuar.

Far an iarrt' thu leis an t-sealgair
Sgìth 's an anmoch tighinn o'n bheinn,
'S nuair a dh' òladh e a leòir dhiot,
Cha lùbadh e 'm feòirnean fo bhuinn.

Far an tigeadh eòin a' bigeil ,
Fhliuchadh ribheid nam ponc binn,
Seal mu 'n dùisgeadh iad a' choille,
Le coireall nan laoidhean grinn.

Far 'm bu mhiann le maighdinn bhòidhich
Bhi cumail na còmhdhail àigh,
'G éisdeachd as ùr cliù na maise,
Chuir lasadh an cridh' a gràidh.

I goid seallaidh tric á d' sgàthan,
De 'n àilleachd mu 'n d' rinn e sgeul,
'S nuair a chromadh i a dh' òl diot,
E maoidheadh dhuit pòig o beul.

B' annsa leam an sud thu, thobair,
Na bhi feadh nan clachan garbh,
Dòrtadh do shruthanan soilleir
Am broilleach nan tonnan searbh.

Dòrtadh t' fhìoruisge gu dìomhain,
'S ged dh' fhiachadh tu gu La-Luain,
Cha dèan thu 'n cladach na 's grinne,
'S cha dèan thu milis an cuan.

FREAGAIRT AN TOBAIR.

Ciod a chuir thu, bhean, g' am chumha?
Ged is garbh 's is dubh mo chuach,
Ged nach e grinneal is grunnd dhomh,
'S nach cinn flùran air mo bhruaich,

Tha mi anns an tràigh cho suaimhneach,
Ag éisdeachd ri nuallan nan tonn,
'S ged bu cheòl dhomh na h-àrd langain
Aig leannan nan aighean donn.

Cha 'n 'eil grinneas na mna-uaisle
Ceangailte ri luach a seud,
'S ged bhios rìomhadh daor mu 'n fhiodhuill
Cha dèan sud na 's binn an teud.

'S ged bhiodh ròsan, feur, is biolair,
Mu m' bhile 's an aonach àrd,
'S e na b' fheàirrd mi fhéin sud agam,
Bhi maiseach an sealladh Bàird.

'S ioma bean tha 'm bothan brònach,
Aig a' bheil sòlas 'n a crann,
Nach eil aig baintighearnan mòrail,
Aig am bheil an t-òr neo-ghann.

'S ioma bean a tha mar mise,
A' dòrtadh ionmhas a gaoil
Far nach fhaigh i meas no prìs air,
Gus an ruig i crìoch a saoghail.

'S ged tha mise leth mo latha
'M folach am broilleach an loch,
Eadar tràghadh agus lìonadh
Bheir mi do 'n iotmhor a dheoch.

'S ged nach tig a' ghreadhainn uallach,
Dh' iarraidh fuarain feadh nan clach,
'S tric ag òl dhe m' shruthain fhìoruisg
An eala, an giadh, is an lach.

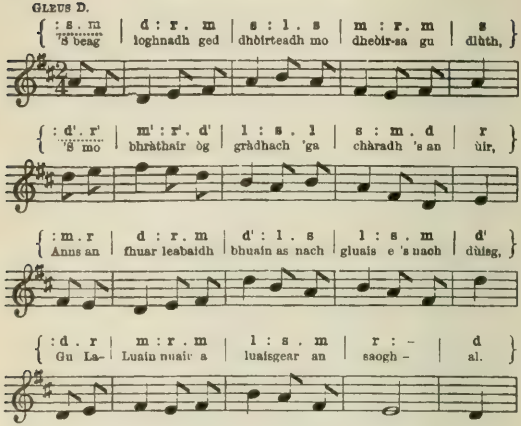
'S ged bhithinn gu flùrach 's na tolmain,
No an innis ghuirm na tùis,
Cha dèanadh tu fhéin dhomh òran,
'S cha 'n fhaiceadh tu bòidhchead 'nam ghnùis.

Cha dèan mi 'n cladach na 's grinne,
'S ris a' chuan cha bhi mi strì,
Ach bheir mi mo shruthan gu milis
Do 'n àite anns na chuireadh mi.

MARBHRANN BRATHAR.*

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS D.



'S beag ìoghnadh ged dhòirteadh mo dheòir-sa gu dlùth,
'S mo bràthair òg gràdhach 'ga chàradh 'san ùir,
Anns an fhuar leabaidh bhuain as nach gluais e 's nach dùisg
Gu Là-Luain nuair a luaisgear an saoghal.
Gu Là-Luain, &c.

Leigheas air mo leòn cha dèan eòlas an léigh,
Fhir nam blàth-shùilean mór bheireadh sòlas do m' chridh',
Cha dùisgear le ceòl thu 's do phòg cha 'n fhaigh mi,
'S trom do shuain stigh fo dhubhar nan craobhan.
'S trom do, &c.

*Do Thèarlach Stiubhart Camshron, mo bhràthair a b' òige.

'S cha 'n ìoghnadh, a Thèarlaich, do mhàthair bhi tùrs',
'S trom aobhar a càidh is do thàmh-s' anns an ùir,
Far nach cluinn i guth mànrain bho d' bhlàth bhilean ciùin;
'S fliuch a gruaidh bho 'n Di-luain rinn thu caochladh.
'S fliuch a gruaidh, &c.

Oig ùir, bha thu fòghluimt' thar mòran de chàch,
Air cruaidh cheistean domhain bha t'eòlas ro àrd,
Bho d'òig, ann an gliocas, 's an tuigs' thug thu bàrr ;
'S gu 'n robh suairceas is uaisle 'cur aoigh ort.
'S gu 'n robh, &c.

B'e do mhiann air gach àm bhi ri rannsachadh geur
Air nàdur gach blàth bhios a' fàs anns an fheur;
Air gach àile 's an iarmailt, 's gach miar de 'n rian-ghréin;
Och, bu luath ruith do chuairt anns an t-saoghal.
Och, bu luath, &c.

'S nuair a dhèanainn-sa duan cha bu duais leam an t-òr,
Làimh ri thus' bhi 'ga sheinn 's tu bhi éibhneach am cheòl;
Crocham clàrsach nan teud nis air geugan a' bhròin,
'S gun thu, luaidh, ann gu cluas thoirt do m' shaothair.
'S gun thu, luaidh, &c.

Shearg ùr-ròs ar gàraidh—laigh sgàil air ar grian,
Tobar-sòlais ar fàrdaich air tràghadh gun diar—
Tobar-gaoil a bha làn, 's b'e bhi pàirteach a mhiann,
'S e mo chruadal cho luath 's chaidh a thaomadh.
'S e mo chruadal, &c.

Nis ged bhrùchdas na flùrain troimh ghrùnnd anns a' Mhàigh,
Is na h-eòin a' seinn ciùil air gach dlùth mheangan àrd,
Ar sòlas cha dùisg iad—'s neo-shùnntach ar càil,
'S tusa bhuainn an diugh, luaidh de na daoine.
'S tusa bhuainn, &c.

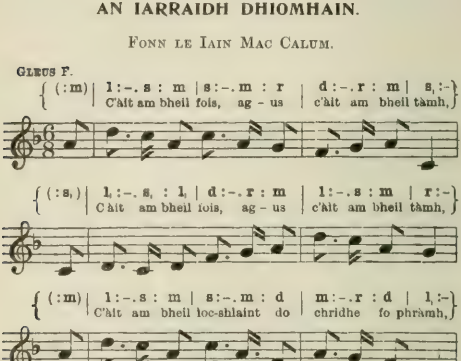
Ach ge mór sinn 'gad chaoidh, och, cha 'n fhaod sinn bhi 'n gruaim,
Bho 'n 's i toil an Athar naoimh rinn, a ghaoil, do thoirt bhuainn.
'S sinn an dùil gu 'm bheil thu 's an Ierùsaleim nuaidh,
Trid na buaidh tha 'm fuil luachmhoir 'n Fhir-shaoraidh.
Trid na buaidh, &c.

Soraidh leat, ma tà, 's ged, a ghràidh, nach tig thu,
Coinnichidh sinn gun dàil ann an àros na mùirn,
Far bheil craobh-na-beatha fàs 's nach tig bàs oirnne dlùth,
Soraidh bhuan gus an uair sin, a ghaoil, leat.

Soiridh bhuan, &c.

AN IARRAIDH DHIOMHAIN.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.



C' àit am bheil fois, agus c' àit am bheil tàmh,
C' àit am bheil fois, agus c' àit am bheil tàmh,
C' àit am bheil ioc-shlaint do chridhe fo phràmh
No c' àit am bheil suaimhneas o uamhann 's o chràdh?

Mar thonnan na fairge a' bualadh gu dlùth,
'S e nuallan, is monmhur, mu oirean nan stùc,
Tha luasgan is gluasad 's an t-saoghal mu 'n cuairt,
'S gach ni cho beag socair ri broilleach nan stuagh.

Chuir mi fiùr, 's rinn e fàs ann an gàradh ri deas,
'S nuair shaoil mi e cùmhraidh le driùchd agus teas,
'S ann thàinig gaoth reòt' 's air mo ròs thàinig bàs,
'S bha dhuilleagan caoin a' dol aog air a bhàrr.

Thug mi eun as a' choill dhèanamh seinn dhomh gu binn,
'S nuair shaoil mi bhi 'g éisdeachd a cheileiridh ghrinn,
'S ann shuidh e air géig, 's e gu h-éisleanach trom,
Gu marbh-shuileach tùrsach, 's e tùchte gun phong.

Sheall mi 's a' ghleann air son fois agus tàimh
Ri latha geal samhraidh 's a' ghrian anns an àird;
'S mu 'n deach i 's an iar, gu'n robh 'n iarmailt fo ghruaim,
Is beithir, 's beum-sléibhe, a' reubadh nam bruach.

Dh' iarr mi gu fois agus dh' iarr mi gu sìth,
Dh' iarr mi gu teicheadh o chogadh 's o strith;
'S nuair shaoil mi gu 'n d' fhuair mi gu cala nam buadh,
'S ann bha mi gu h-anrach air taisdeal nan stuagh.

Dh' iarr mi gu fois, is gun fhois air an t-saogh'l,
Is leag mi mo cheann air geal-bhroilleach mo ghaoil,
'S bha chluasag ud làn de chaoin-dhuilleach nan ròs
Ach, ochan, 'nam measg gu 'n robh 'n dris mar bu nòs.

O ciamar bhiodh fois ann an àrfhaich nan tuagh,
'S gur cruaidh bhios an cogadh, mu 'n coisinn sinn buaidh,
Bidh leagadh, is leònadh, is dò-bheairt, 's an strith
'S ged 's truagh e, gur diomhain bhi 'g iarraidh na sìth.

Ach nuair choisneas sinn buaidh mar is dual do gach sonn,
Air a' gheal-ghaineamh airgid tha thall thar an tonn,
Gheibh sinn suaimhneas bhios buan thar gach uamhunn is
strith,
'S bidh sinn crùinte le gaol an tigh aobhach na sìth.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL MacPHAIL,

The Lorne Bard.

BORN 1847.

DISCOURSING on services to the cause, a speaker once aptly described Oban as "the hub of the Gaelic movement." From here time and again an impulse has been communicated to the wheel of Celticism that has set it rolling merrily on its way with ever-increasing momentum. It was at Oban about forty years ago that a project was devised and originated by the Lorne Ossianic Society, of holding Gaelic literary competitions and awarding prizes for meritorious contributions. On the first and second years the first prize for Gaelic poetry was carried off by Malcolm Campbell MacPhail, now known as "Am Bàrd Lathurnach."

The bard was born at Ardeny, parish of Muckairn, Upper Lorne, where his youth was passed. In early manhood he lived for 7½ years at Inveraray, and it was there that his first Gaelic songs were composed. He ventured into print by publishing at the request of the late John Campbell, Esq., of Islay—who was then at Inveraray Castle—a poem composed in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise (Duke and Duchess of Argyll) on the occasion of their marriage. A collection of Mr MacPhail's poems, entitled "Am Filidh Lathurnach," was published in book form in 1878, and several of his compositions, especially "Bochdan na Rìoghachd," became very popular in the

James Ritchie. *Oct.*

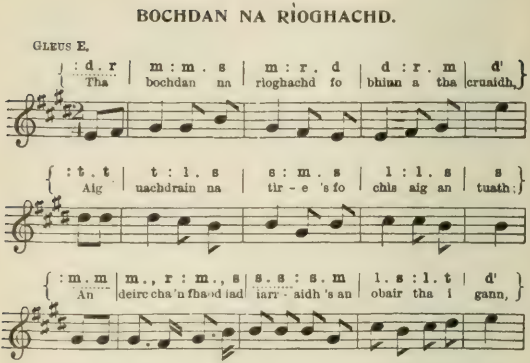
MALCOLM CAMPBELL MACPHAIL.

THE LOPNE BALL.

West Highlands. During his stay at Inveraray he acted as Interpreter of Court, translating evidence given in Gaelic into English.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr MacPhail settled down to a shoemaker's business at Dalmally, where he is much esteemed and held in high respect both as a tradesman and as a member of the community. He is a Parish Councillor and a member of other public bodies. He served thirteen years in the Volunteers.

BOCHDAN NA RÌOGHACHD.



Tha bochdan na rìoghachd fo bhinn a tha cruaidh,
Aig uachdrain na tire 's fo chìs aig an tuath;
An deirc cha 'n fhaod iad iarraidh 's an obair tha i gann,
'S gun ni ach tigh nam bochd, 's b' fheàrr bhi crocht' na bhi ann.

Tha Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba gu dearbh 'na h-aobhar bhròin
Far an robh na miltean do ghrinn ghillean òg,
Seann daoine fiachail agus fial mhnathan còir,
Is cailleagan bu chùbhraidh na'n drùchd air an lòn.

C' àit' am bheil na daoine bha taobh nam beann àrd,
Le beagan cruidh is chaorach air raon mar a b' àbh'st?
Nach diùltadh an déirce do'n fheumnach 'na chàs,
'S a bheireadh cuid na h-oidhche le caoimhneas is blàths.

Tha riaghladairean dùthcha mar stiùir aig an nàmh,
A' cur air falbh nan laoch 's a' toirt chaorach 'nan àit';
Gheibh Sasunnaich na Beurla gach ni mar is àill,
'S théid na Gàidheil a sgiùrsadh gu dùthchannan fàs.

Nuair thòisicheas an streupaid thig feum air a' bhochd.
Bidh daoin' uaisle 'gan glaodhaich bhàrr aodann nan cnoc;
Freagraidh mac-talla iad, " Cha 'n eagal duibh 'sa chàs,
Is pailteas chaoraich-mhaola ri aodann a' bhlàir!"

Commandairean 'gan stiùradh á dùthaich nan Gall,
Le casan fada, caola, is corp goirid, fann;
Sùil nach seasadh cruadal, is gàirdean gun fheum,
'S ma chuir sibh cùl ri Gàidheil, fhuair sibh gàrlaich 'nan déidh.

Bidh tighean mòr 'nan luaithre is uaibhrich gun cheann,
'S an teaghlaichean 'gan ruagadh bhàrr guaillibh nam beann;
Oladh iad an leòir as gach tobar a ta geur
A dh' fhosgail iad do 'n bhochd—bheir sinn deoch ás dhoibh féin.

Bha gàradh an Eden 's bu rìgh e thar chàich,
Gus an d' thàinig an nathair lùbach le cùmhnantan bàis;
Thuit an sin a challaidean 's bha mhìlsearachd dhoibh geur,
'S tha an nathair sin an tràths cur nan Gaidheal as a chéil.

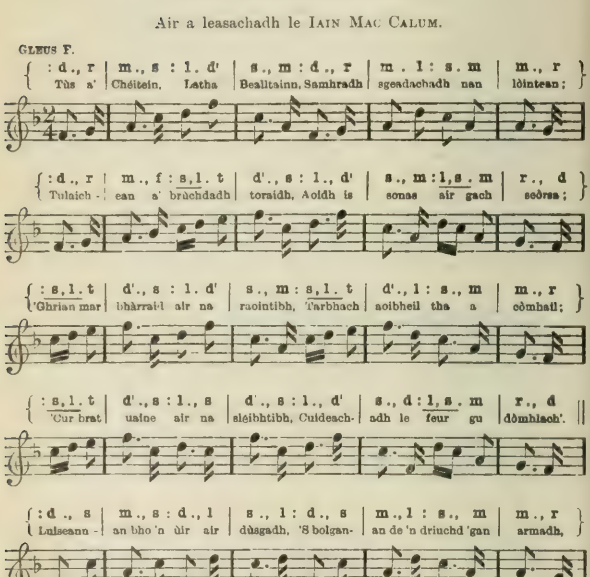
Ma their thu gu bheil mi cruaidh air daoin' uaisle an tràths,
Tilg 'sa mheidh-thomhais iad, is mothaich mar a tà;
Mur 'eil eucoir a' snàmh thar ceartais is 'ga bhàthadh
Fuilingidh mi mo sgiùrsadh á dùthaich nan Gàidheal.

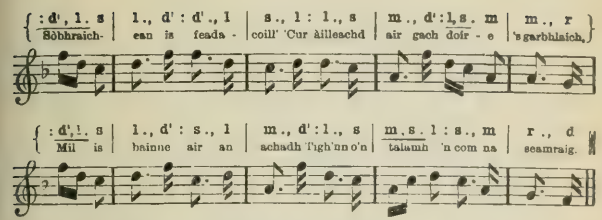
MAISE LATHA BEALLTAINN.

FONN—"*Brahan Castle March.*"

Air a leasachadh le IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS F.





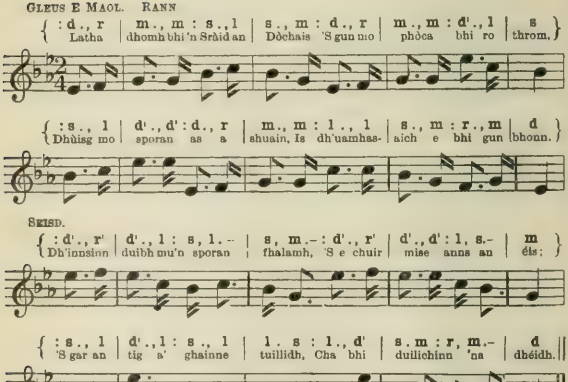
Tùs a' Chéitein, Latha Bealltainn,
Samhradh sgeadachadh nan lòintean;
Tulaichean a' bruchadh toraidh,
Aoidh is sonas air gach seòrsa;
'Ghrian mar bhàrraid air na raointibh,
Tarbhach, aoibheil tha a còmhail;
'Cur brat uaine air na sléibhtibh,
Cuideachadh le feur gu dòmhlach'.
Luiseannan bho 'n ùir air dùsgadh,
'S bolganan de 'n driùchd 'gan armadh,
Trusgan òirdhearc air na bruachaibh
De neòineanan nan cluasan dearg-gheal;
Sòbhraichean is feada-coill',
'Cur àilleachd air gach doire 's garbhlaich,
Mil is bainne air an achadh
Tigh'nn o'n talamh 'n com na seamraig.

Fo cheannsal anail nan gaoth tlàth
Bha choill tha càirdeil, 's i ri dannsadh;
Geugan a' pògadh cach a chéile,
'S iad gu léir 'nan éideadh annsail,
Meòir fo bhlàth gu bàrr nan crannaibh
Gu h-ùrar, failleanach, greannar,
Cruthachadh nan cnù 's nam mogul,
Bhios 'gam pronnadh oidhche Shamhna.
An uiseag 's an smeòrach fhonnmhor,
A' sèideadh trompaid na maidne,
Is èoin bhreac-bhallach nan coilltean,
'Seinn gu h-aoibhneach air gach gagan.
Inneal-ciùil am bàrr gach craoibhe,
Goban adhairc 's ribheid fhallain,
Muineal réidh air nach bi tùchadh
'S deadh chluais-chiùil mar stiùir air anail.

So an latha 's fhiach bhi luaidh air,
'S anail nuadh dol anns gach creutair;
Laoigh a' beiceadh air an fhireach,
'S uain a' mireadh air na sléibhtibh;
Eunlaith mhonaidh le 'n guir òga—
'N àit' bhi smògail faic air sgéith iad;
'S cuileagan bha lag 'sa gheamhradh
Nis a' danns' an gath na gréine,
Biolair uaine 'm bun gach fuarain
Biadh an ruadh-bhuic is na h-earbaig,
Suas gu bràigh nam beann a's àirde,
Samhradh àigh air faighinn sealbh orr',
Tha air glaic, air lag, is còmhnard
Deise bhòidheach gun aon chearb oirr',
'S ribhinn àrd nan speur 'na h-àbhaist
'Fadadh blàths 's gach àit' gun dearmad.

AN SPORAN FALAMH.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.



Latha dhomh bhi 'n Sràid an Dòchais,
'S gun mo phòca bhi ro throm,
Dhùisg mo sporan as a shuain,
Is dh'uamhasaich e bhi gun bhonn.

SEISD:—

Dh' innsinn duibh mu'n sporan fhalamh;
'S e chuir mise anns an éis;
'S gar an tig a' ghainne tuillidh,
Cha bhi duilichinn 'na dhéidh.

Thuirt mi ris, na biodh ort smuairean,
Cuimhnich c' àit a bheil do bhonn;
Nach 'eil thu an Sràid an Dòchais
'S a bheil stòras gu neo-ghann.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

Thuirt an sporan rium gu h-ealamh,
Faodaidh 'm pailteas a bhi ann,
Ach 's beag feum a ni sin dhòmhsa,
Is mo phòca féin cho gann.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

B' fheàrr leam tasdan ann am phòca,
Na stòras bho cheann gu ceann;
'S gheibhinn cuach de Mhac-an-Toisich,
Sheininn òran 's dhèanainn rann.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

Thuirt mi ris na biodh ort smuairean
An Glaschu nan stiopal àrd,
'S aithne dhomhsa òig-fhear uasal
Bheir dhuinn fuasgladh as a' chàs.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

Dhìrich mi mach ris a' bhruthach,
Gu Mac Iain, Chnoc-nan-Càrn,
Far an d'fhuair mi cuach d'an dramaig
'S sgillinn Shasunnach no dhà.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

Fhuair mi nis gu ceann mo thuruis
Le còmhnadh a' ghille ghrinn,
'S tha mi 'm baile mór Dhun-Eideann
Seinn mo luinneig fhéin gu binn.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

Ged bha agam beagan stòrais
Ann am pòcaichean a' chrùin,
'S beag am feum a bha sin dhòmhsa
'S nach ruigeadh na meòir aon diùbh.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

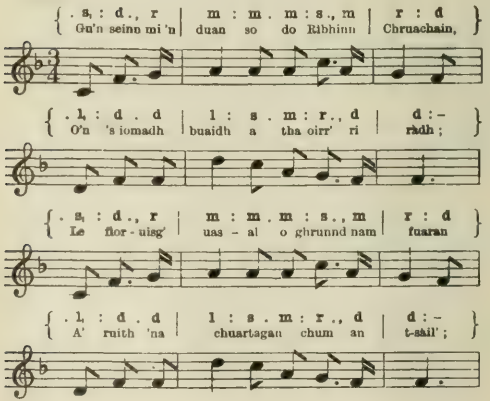
Bheirinn comhairl' air gach gallan
Theid a Ghlasacho gu bràth,
E thoirt cuimhne gu ro-shònraicht'
E gun a phòca a bhi fàs.
Dh' innsinn duibh, &c.

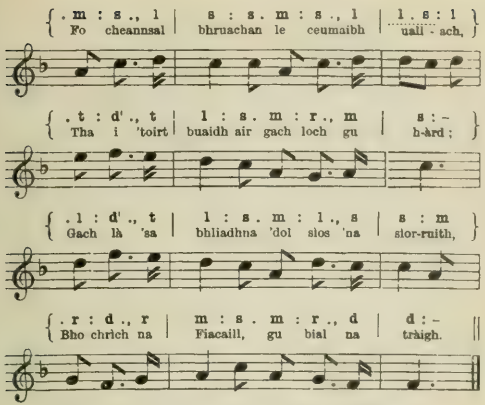
ATHA 'S A BRUACHAN.

FONN—"*Oran an Fheidh.*"

Air a leasachadh le IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS F.





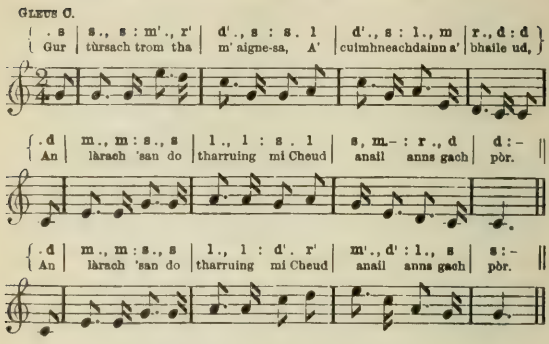
Gu'n seinn mi 'n duan so do Rìbhinn Chruachain
O'n 's iomadh buaidh a tha oirr' ri ràdh;
Le fìor-uisg' uasal o ghrunnd nam fuaran
A' ruith 'na cuartagan chum an t-sàil';
Fo cheannsal bhruachan le ceumaibh uallach
Tha i 'toirt buaidh air gach loch gu h-àrd;
Gach là 'sa bhliadhna dol sìos na sìor-ruith,
O chrìch na Fiacaill gu bial na tràigh.

Ged 's mór a' mhàthair-uisg a tha 'ga lìonadh,
Is iomadh ciad abhainn a' cur ann—
Loch Toilbh cur borb-shruth a nuas an Urchaidh
Am measg nam bulbhagan glasa lom,
Nuair thig i 'n còmhnard bidh abhainn Lòchaidh
A' toirt dhi còmhail le lòd neo-ghann;
Le chéile tàrladh gu caol a Bhrànraidh
Bheir abhainn Ath' iad gu àird nan tonn.

Gach sruthan 's alltan feadh ghleann is mhìodair,
Bho bhràigh na Frìthe gu Ath nan Crà,
Ged shéideadh gaoth is a shileadh dìle
'S iad uile lìonadh gu ruig am bràigh;
Gach aon diubh gluasad gu beul na Gruagaich
A bheir dhoibh fuasgladh an àm an càs;
Bheir neart a gualainn gu tonnan uain' iad
A ruith do 'n chuan is cha bhiodh i làn.

AN FHARDACH 'S AN D'RUGADH MI.

GLEUS C.



Gur tùrsach trom tha m' aigne-sa,
A' cuimhneachdainn a' bhaile ud,
An làrach 'san do tharruing mi
Cheud anail anns gach pòr.

Nuair thàin' mi 'n diugh a dh' amharc air,
Gur fàs o bhràigh gu talamh e;
Cha 'n fhaic mi cabar frathaidh ann
Na far air an téid mòin'.

Ach 's fior an sgeul a labhair iad,
'S e tigh'nn gu crìch gach latha dhuinn,
Nuair ruigeadh còir luchd sgathaidh air
Gu'm falbh na balaich òg.

'S iad chuir mar sgaoil na h-iasgairean
A b' fheàrr bha riamh 'san rìoghachd so,
A mhealladh bhreac is litheagan
'S 'gan toirt air tìr le seòlt'.

Is chuir iad sgaoil 'sna sealgairean
A b' ainmeile o na talaintean so;
Bu chinnteach air an earbaig iad
'S neo-chearbach air na h-eòin.

Ged chuir an dream ud sgaradh annt'
Cha mhair am buaidh ach tamull beag;
Bidh daoine anns gach baile dhiubh
'S bidh aighear ann is ceòl.

Bha Satan féin 'gan cuideachadh,
'S e daonnan cumail cuideachd riu;
O 'n 's e bu chléireach urramach
Aig bun an leabhair mhóir.

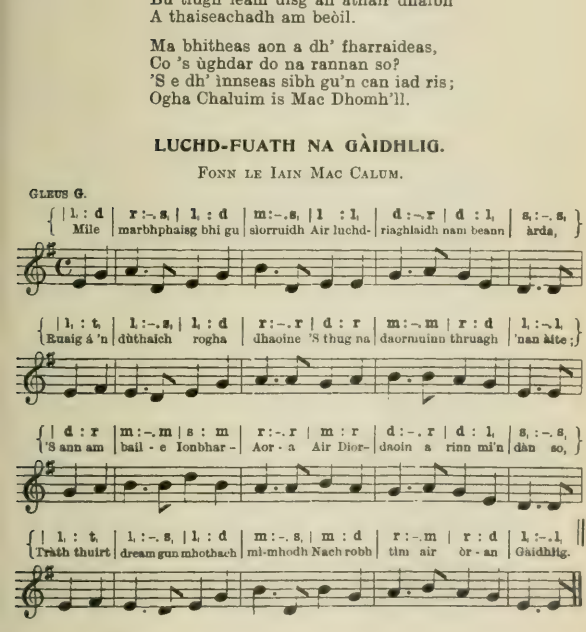
Nis éisd na briathran chan mi ribh;
O 'n 's bàrd air dàin 's air rannan mi,
Bu tiugh leam uisg an athair dhaibh
A thaiseachadh am beòil.

Ma bhitheas aon a dh' fharraideas,
Co 's ùghdar do na rannan so?
'S e dh' innseas sibh gu'n can iad ris;
Ogha Chaluim is Mac Dhomh'll.

LUCHD-FUATH NA GÀIDHLIG.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS G.



Mile marbhphaisg bhi gu siorruidh
Air luchd-riaghlaidh nam beann àrda,
Ruaig á 'n dùthaich rogha dhaoine
'S thug na daormuinn thruagh 'nan àite;
'S ann am baile Ionbhar-Aora
Air Dior-daoin a rinn mi 'n dàn so,
Tràth thuirt dream gun mhothach mì-mhodh
Nach robh tìm air òran Gàidhlig.

Tha gach coinneamh-chiùil am bliadhna
A' cur iarguin air mo nàdur;
O 'n a tha iad air an riaghladh
Leis gach biast nach buin do 'n Ghàidh'ltachd;
Am measg naoidh òran Bheurla
Cha 'n éisdeadh iad ri aon 'sa Ghàidhlig,
Ach sionnaich Ghall le miolaran Beurla
'M baile greadhnach Earra-ghàidheal.

Thàinig iad a stigh do 'n dùthaich
Mar ghreigh lùigeach air am fuadach;
An cnàmhan a' crannadh troimh 'n craicionn,
Cha robh 'n carcaisean ach suarach,
An t-éideadh a bha 'gan còmhdach,
'S ann bu leòir e chur an fhuachd ort;
Air am fògradh mar bha Càin
Nuair mharbh e Abel leis an uabhar.

Tha dream air nach dèanainn dì-chuimhn',
'S còir an dìteadh measg nan Gàidheal;
Feadhainn a rugadh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd
Anns na fàrdaichean a's tàire,
An diugh trath chì sinn air an t-sràid iad
Tha cainnt am màthar leò dìblidh,
An àite "cia mar thà thu?"
Their "*How are you*" 's an làmh 'n sìneadh.

Thuirt an seanfhacal—'s gur fìor e—
Mu shìochairean a tha 'sa Ghàidh'ltachd,
Gu'n éireadh cuileagan suarach
A' suas á buachar a' bhàthaich.
Nuair a gheibh iad grian an t-Samhraidh
'S ann aca bhios an srann a's àirde;
Ach ri ioma-ghaoth fhuar nam Faoilteach
Tuitidh iad gu faoin gun chàil leis.

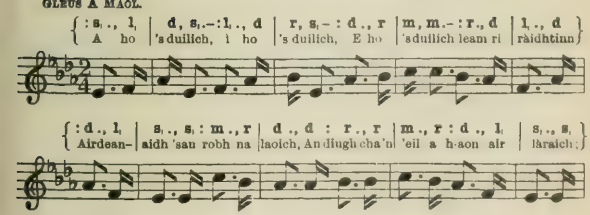
Tha 'm baile 's àillidh 'n taobh an iar so
Nis 'ga riaghladh aig a' phràbar;
Cathair urramach an Ruadh-Dhiùc
'S tric thug fuasgladh do na Gàidheil;
A' chog air son a' chreidimh Chriosdail
'S a chuir cìs air feachd a' Phàpa;
Dhìol a sheanairean an t-ùnlagh
'S leig iad dhiubh an cinn 'ga phàigheadh.

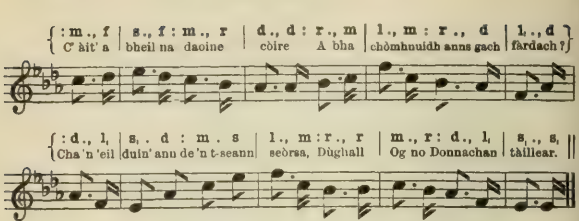
'S mór an dorchadas do dh' Alba
Gu 'n d' fhalbh as Iain Caimbeul Ile,
Dh' fhàg e seunas 'n Earra-ghàidheal
Nach dèan Gall gu bràth a lìonadh;
Sgrìobh e eachdraidhean 'sa Ghàidhlig
Air gach gnàth a bh' aig ar sìnnsir,
'S fhad 's a sheinneas bàrd a dhuain
Cha tèid a luach gu bràth air di-chuimhn'.

Togaibh brataichean ri crannan
Mar dhealanach biodh lannan stàillinn,
Chur air falbh nan caorach-mhaola;
B' e 'n fheadh'nn adharcach a b' fheàrr leinn;
'S gach aon ni tàir air an dùthaich
Théid a sgiùrsadh as an àite,
An sin tuigidh sìochairean gach sgìreachd
Gur fheàrr bhi sìobhalt ris na Gàidheil.

AIRDEANAIDH.

Fonn le Iain Mac Calum.





A ho 's duilich, ì ho 's duilich,
E ho 's duilich leam ri ràidhtinn;
Airdeanaidh 'san robh na laoich,
An diugh cha 'n 'eil a h-aon air làraich.

C' àit' a bheil na daoine còire
A bha chòmhnuidh anns gach fàrdach?
Cha 'n 'eil duin' ann de 'n t-seann seòrsa,
Dughall Og na Donnachan tàillear.

Chunnaic mise balaich shùbailt'
Agus fiùrain òg a' fàs ann;
'S air an Dòmhnach sealladh ghruagach
B' àillidh snuadh a bha 'm Muc-càrna.

C' àit' a bheil na balaich òga
Chleachd bhi cò-rium cur nam bà ann;
Cha 'n 'eil mòran diubh 'san sgìreachd;
'S iomadh rìoghachd 'sa bheil pàirt dhiubh.

Cha'n 'eil feum a bhi ri mulad,
Cha bhi e tuilleadh mar a bhà e,
Bidh e fo na caoirich mhaol
'S am beagan dhaoine th'ann air fhàgail.

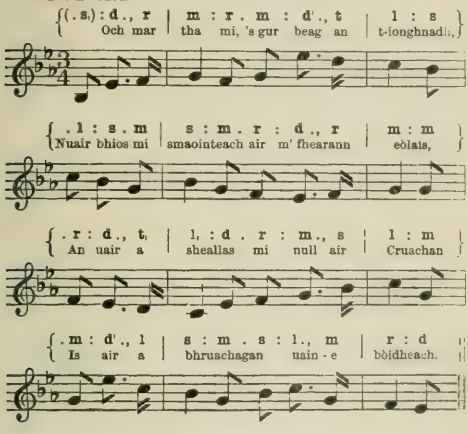
'S duilich leam a nis bhi 'g ìnnseadh
Gu'n d' fhalbh lionmhorachd nan àrmunn;
Bàs is bàirlinn agus caoraich
Chuir na laoich as gach àite.

Ma bhios aon a dh' fhaodas fheòraich
Có chuir seòla air an dàn so;
Faodar ìnnseadh gu 'n robh shìnnsear
Iomadh linn am Bràigh Mhuc-càrna.

DITHEACHADH M' EOLAIS.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS E MAOL.



Och mar tha mi, 's gur beag an t-ionghnadh,
Nuair bhios mi smaointeach air m' fhearann eòlais,
An uair a sheallas mi null air Cruachan
Is air a bhruachagan uaine bòidheach.

Beinn nan cnuacan, nan lagan uaine,
'S a Choire bhuadhar le chluaintean ròmach;
Bràigh-na-Coill anns am faighte 'm fìor-eun;
'S iad thogadh m' inntinn ged bhithinn brònach.

Creag-an-Aoinidh a's caise bruachan
'S co bòidhche cluaineagan feadh nan dòirneag,
Far an tric robh 'madadh-ruadh
Is e tarruing uan chum na h-uamh do 'n òigridh.

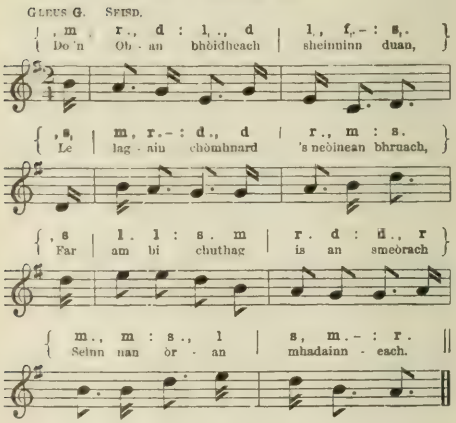
O Chreag-an-fharaidh gu caol a Bhrànraidh
'San robh Clann Duibhne—an cinneadh mòrail—
Ged 's tric bha buaidh leo anns gach cruaidh-chàs,
An diugh gur fuar a tha 'n àite-còmhnuidh.

Dun-staifhinnis a' charraig fhriseil
'S an robh na righrean a' gabhail còmhnuidh,
Faic an diugh i bho bràigh gu h-iochdar;
An àite righrean tha sgaoth de dh'eòin ann .

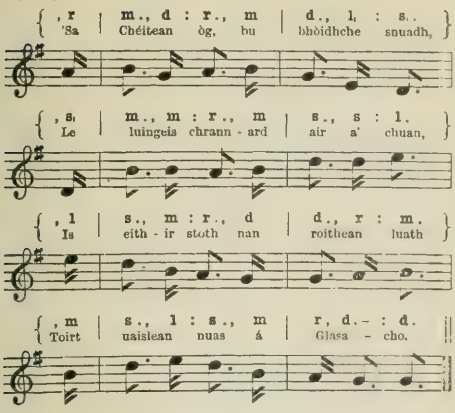
Gur h-e chlòimh a bhi cho daor dhuinn
Is pris nan caorach a dhol am mòideachd,
A' chuir na Gàidheil air feadh an t-saoghail
'S a thug a' Bheurla am measg nam mór-bheann.

AN T-OBAN BÒIDHEACH.

FONN—"*Dòmhnull beag.*"



RANN.



SEISD:—

Do 'n Oban bhòidheach sheinninn duan,
Le lagain chòmhnard 's neòinean bhruach,
Far am bi chuthag is an smeòrach
Seinn nan òran mhadainneach.

'Sa Chéitean òg bu bhòidhche snuadh,
Le luingeis chrann-ard air a' chuan,
Is eithir stoth nan roithean luath
Toirt uaislean nuas á Ghlasacho.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

Dun-olla gorm 'na shuidhe làmh ris—
Air a' charraig, riamh nach d'fhàilnich,
Gheibhteadh iarmad nam fear làidir
Gus an là so fanachd ann.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

Dun-staifhinnis nan stuadhan àrda,
'San do thuinich rìgh na Gàidh'ltachd,
'S iomadh Iarla thig le 'bhàta
Fo shiùil bhàn a dh' amharc air.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

'S e Creag-a'-chait am meall tha àlainn,
Staidhreach cas le braise nàduir,
Breac le sóbhraichean 's sùgh làir
Is drùchd a' Mhàigh cur mais' orra.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

Nuair bhios Gleann-Cruitein grinn fo bhlàth
Is duilleach air gach crann gu'm bàrr,
Bidh eòin nan geug a' seinn le 'n àl
'S b'e miann gach stàtair fanachd ann.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

Tha tigh-mór òsd na h-àird-an-iar
Ag amharc thar corran nan triath;
Is iomadh prionnsa agus iarl
A dhùraiceadh bhi fanachd ann.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

Is tha tigh margaidh aig Mac Caog,
Gur h-ainneamh leithid anns an t-saogh'l;
Anns am bheil breacan do na rìghrean,
'S sìoda do na cailleagan.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

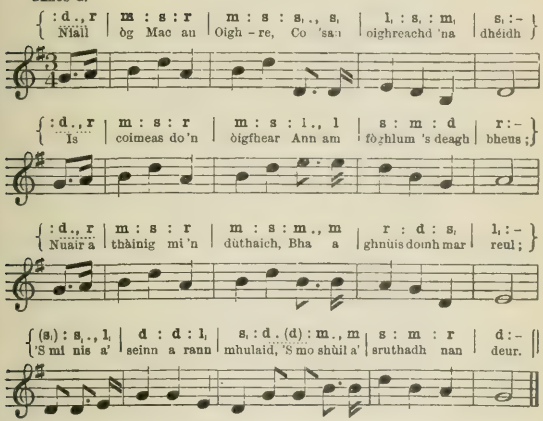
Ach ged bhiodh agam teanga mìle,
'S mi 'm fhear dàna 's bàrd 'ga innseadh;
Ghabhainn fichead bliadhna' a thìom
A cur a sìos do mhaitheasan.

Do 'n Oban, &c.

NIALL ÒG MAC AN OIGHRE.

FONN—"*Gleann-Crò.*"

GLEUS G.



Niall òg Mac-an-Oighre,
Co 'san oighreachd 'na dhéidh
Is coimeas do 'n òigfhear,
Ann am fòghlum 's deagh bheus;
Nuair a thàinig mi 'n dùthaich,
Bha a ghnùis domh mar reul;
'S mi nis a' seinn a rann mhulaid,
'S mo shùil a' sruthadh nan deur.

Mi rì taobh a' phreas challtainn,
'S an t-allt làmh rinn ruith ciùin;
Ciamar bhithinn ach brònach,
O nach beò fear mo rùin!
An cridh' òg bha làn sòlais
Nis am bòsdan fo 'n ùir;
Cha 'n 'eil gàire 's an t-saoghal.
Gun aobhar caoinidh dha dlùth.

'S i an fhàrdach aig Uilleam
Fhuair am buille bha daor;
Gun ni eile a phàigheadh
Ach corp àlainn an laoich,
Mar ri eanachainn na tuigse,
'S cridhe uasal a' ghaoil;
Thàinig crìoch air sud uile
Mar thuiteadh duilleach bho chraobh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh, a chàirdean,
A bhi cràiteach 'na dhéidh,
Chaill iad caraid a b' fhèarr dhaibh
Chaidh àrach fo 'n ghréin;
Mar a mhùchas an oidhche
Solus caoimhneil an là,
Ceart mar sin sgaradh bhuainne;
Och gur fuar deat a' bhais!

B' òg a thàinig a Gheamhradh,
An tùs Samhraidh a shaogh'l;
Chaidh an tuagh ris an fhaillean,
'S dh' fhalbh leath' maise na craoibh;
Cha 'n 'eil feum bhi ri mulad
Dhuinn th' air fuireachd 'na dhéidh,
'S ann bha 'n teachdair bho 'n Ard-righ
Thog e dh' fhàrdach nan speur.

Murdo MacLeod.

MURDO MACLEOD.

BORN 1837.

MURDO MACLEOD was born at Lurebost, parish of Lochs, Island of Lewis, in October 1837. His father was catechist of the parish during the pastorates of the Rev. Robert Finlayson, the Gaelic poet-preacher, and of the Rev. John MacRae, "Iain Mòr Mac Rath." In early life Murdo MacLeod had the inestimable advantage of being brought up under the training of parents who were distinguished for piety, catholicity of spirit, uprightness, independence of character and geniality of disposition.

When in his nineteenth year he, like most of his young neighbours, started life by engaging in the herring and long-line fishing on the Lewis and Caithness coasts. The remuneration which this employment affords is very precarious, and so our poet, after five years' experience as a "toiler of the sea," went to Glasgow in 1861, and became indentured to a firm of shipbuilders. He continued at this occupation for several years, but finally gave it up in consequence of one of those ruinous strikes which upset the prospects of so many young tradespeople. Afterwards he was engaged for some five years in the service of the Clyde Trust.

About 1873 he became deeply interested in temperance work, and, being an effective lecturer in the vernacular, he soon decided to devote his whole time to promoting and advocating this praiseworthy cause among the Gaels of Glasgow and the North-West

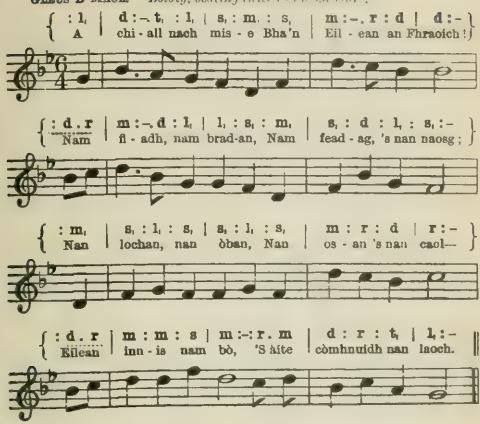
Highlands and Islands. As an evangelical temperance lecturer he is now widely known and much esteemed.

Both of his grandfathers being poets of some repute in the Lews, Murdo MacLeod may be said to have inherited the gift of song. At an early age he composed fugitive pieces, in which he displayed much readiness and pointedness of expression.

It was after coming to Glasgow, however, that he wrote the song by which he is best known to Highlanders generally, viz.:—"Eilean an Fhraoich," which has enjoyed much popularity. Here in glowing terms he sets forth the charms, attractions, and social incidents of his native island, which he very accurately designates "The Isle of Heather."

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

GLEUS B MAOL. *Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*



SEISD:—

A chiall nach mise
Bha 'n Eilean an Fhraoich!
Nam fiadh, nam bradan,
Nam feadag 's nan naosg;
Nan lochan, nan òban,
Nan osan 's nan caol—
Eilean innis nàm bò,
'S àite còmhnuidh nan laoch.

Tha Leòghas bheag riabhach,
Bha i riamh 's an Taobh Tuath,
Muir tràghaidh is lìonaidh
'G a h-iadhadh mu'n cuairt;
Nuair a dheàrrsas a' ghrian oirr'
Le riaghladh o shuas
Bheir i fàs air gach sìol
Air son biadh dh'an an t-sluagh.
A chiall, &c.

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach,
Gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n
Do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e,
Bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth
Gus an tràigh an cuan siar!

A chiall, &c.

'N àm éirigh na gréine
Air a shléibhtibh bidh ceò,
Bidh a' bhanarach ghuanach
'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
Ri gabhail a duanaig
'S i cuallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag
Ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

A chiall, &c.

Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
Bidh sunnd air gach spréidh;
Bidh a' chuthag is fonn oirr'
Ri òran di fhéin;
Bidh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeòrach air géig,
'S air cnuic ghlas' is leòidean
Uain òga ri leum.

A chiall, &c.

Gach duine 'bha riamh ann
Bha ciatamh ac' dha,
Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann,
Cha 'n iarr as gu bràth;
Gach ian 'théid air sgiath ann
Bu mhiann leis ann tàmh;
'S bu mhiann le gach iasg
A bhi 'cliathadh ri 'thràigh.

A chiall, &c.

Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd
'S e 'lùgainn bhi òg,
'S gun ghnothuch aig aois rium
Fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhi beò,

Bhi 'n am bhuachaill' air àiridh
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr
Far am faighinn an càis'
'S bainne-blàth air son òil.

A chiall, &c.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
Leam sealladh a's bòidhich'
Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos
Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair,
'S am buachaill' 'n an tòir
'G an tional gu àiridh
Le àl de laoigh òg'

A chiall, &c.

Air feasgar a' gheamhraidh
Théid tionndadh gu gniomh;
Ri toirt eòlais do chloinn
Bidh gach seann duine liath;
Gach iasgair le 'shnäthaid
Ri càradh a lìon,
Gach nighean ri càrdadh
'S a màthair ri sniomh.

A chiall, &c.

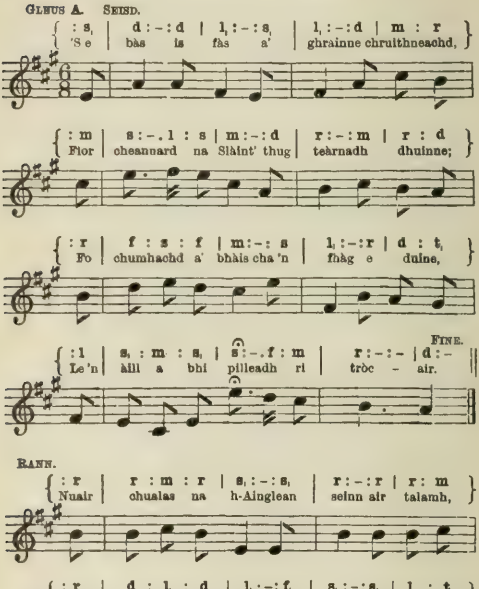
B'e mo mhiann bhi 'sna badan
'Sna chleachd mi bhi òg,
Ri dìreadh nan creag anns
An neadaich na h-eòin;
O 'n thàinig mi 'Ghlascho
Tha m' aigneadh fo bhròn,
'S mi 'call mo chuid claistneachd
Le glagraich nan òrd.

A chiall, &c.

BÀS IS FÀS A' GHRAINNE CHRUITHNEACHD.

FONN LE CALUM MAC PHARLAIN.

GLEUS A. SEISD.



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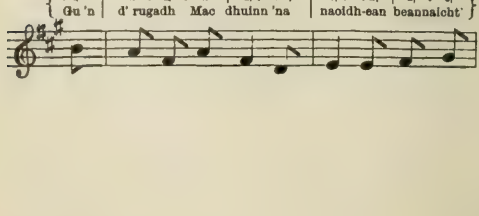
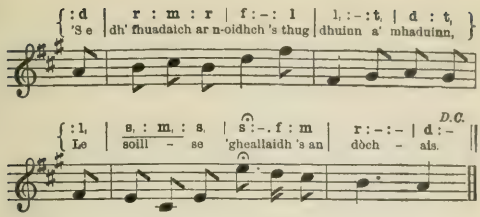




SEISD:—

'S e bàs is fàs a' ghràinne chruithneachd,
Fior cheannard na Slàint' thug teàrnadh dhuinne.
Fo chumhachd a' bhàis cha 'n fhàg e duine,
Le 'n àill' bhi pilleadh ri tròcair.

Nuair chualas na h-Ainglean seinn air talamh.
Gu'n d' rugadh Mac dhuinn 'na naoidhean beannaicht',
'S e dh' fhuadaich ar n-oidhch' 's thug dhuinn a' mhaduinn,
Le soillse 'gheallaidh 's an dòchais.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Tha cumhachd 'na fhreumh 'réir feum gach anam.
'S e 'cheangail ri chéile nèamh is talamh,
Tha'n Diadhachd gu léir ann féin gu pearsant'.
Gach réit', is ceartas, is tròcair.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Nach fallain an sìol a lìon an cruinne
Le beannachdan Chriost tha fialaidh ruinne,
Le 'theagasg 's le dhìon mar Dhia 's mar dhuine—
Cha 'n iarr sinn tuilleadh mar dhòchas.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Nuair thàinig an uair bu chruaidh a' bhuill' air:
Chaidh peanas a shluaigh a bhualadh uil' air;
Ach dhùisg e bho 'n uaigh le buaidh mar churaidh.
'S cha dual dhuinn tuilleadh bhi brònach.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Dhòirt tuil air bho Dhia bha dian mar lasair,
Bha fhuil air an t-sliabh 's bha bhian làn falluis,
Bha chorp air a riabadh 's pian 'na anam,
Ach spìon e 'n gadaich á dòruinn.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

A' Ghrian os ar cionn mar dhiùlt i 'n sealladh,
An Dia air a' chrann 's a cheann air cromadh,
Bho 'n latha sin 'phronn e ceann na nathrach,
'S cha chum an talamh a Ghlòir-san.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Tha farsuinneachd fhàis mar bha 'sa ghealladh,
Tha focal a Ghràis 's gach cànain againn,
'S gach tìr gu 'n toir bàt' thar sàil dhuinn aiseag,
Tha àit' aig bratach a mhòrachd.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

Na leanabaibh 's gach àit' nuair bha air thalamh,
Dhoibh thaisbean e 'ghràdh le làmhan beannaicht';
Tha fialachd a Ghràis air sgàth na fala,
'Toirt teàrnadh anam mar chòir dhoibh.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

C'ar son nach 'eil sinn—gu 'n cluinn mac talla—
'Toirt fuaim air na glinn le seinn is moladh,
Ghabh Dia ruinn mar chloinn measg Ainglean soluis,
Ged thoill sinn corruich is dòruinn.

'S e bàs is fàs &c.

DUNCAN REID.

DUNCAN REID.

1849-1912.

DUNCAN REID was a native of Clachan, in the parish of Kilcalmonell, Kintyre, and was educated in the Parish School there, where he also served a five years' apprenticeship as pupil teacher. Deciding to follow a commercial career, he left the Highlands when twenty years of age, and held appointments in Greenock and Rothesay. He had been continuously resident in Glasgow during the last twenty-eight years of his life, and was for many years prior to his death managing clerk and accountant in the Glasgow office of Messrs George Halliday, Ltd., timber merchants, contractors, and shipowners.

In his spare hours, for some thirty-six years, Mr Reid took an active interest in Gaelic language and literature by teaching, lecturing, and by popular exposition. He was the first Gaelic teacher under the School Board of Glasgow, and from 1888 to 1903 conducted the evening Gaelic classes in the High School of Glasgow.

In 1895 he published a "Course of Gaelic Grammar," and in 1902 an enlarged edition of the same. It was well received, and is largely used as a Gaelic text book in Highland schools. In 1908 he prepared an "Elementary Course of Gaelic" for An Comunn Gaidhealach, and for three years was editor of "An Deo-Gréine," the official magazine of that body. He was one of the original members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and was a member of its Executive Council, and of one or more of its standing Committees.

He was the author of "Suas leis a Ghàidhlig," the official rallying song of An Comunn, which will be found on another page.

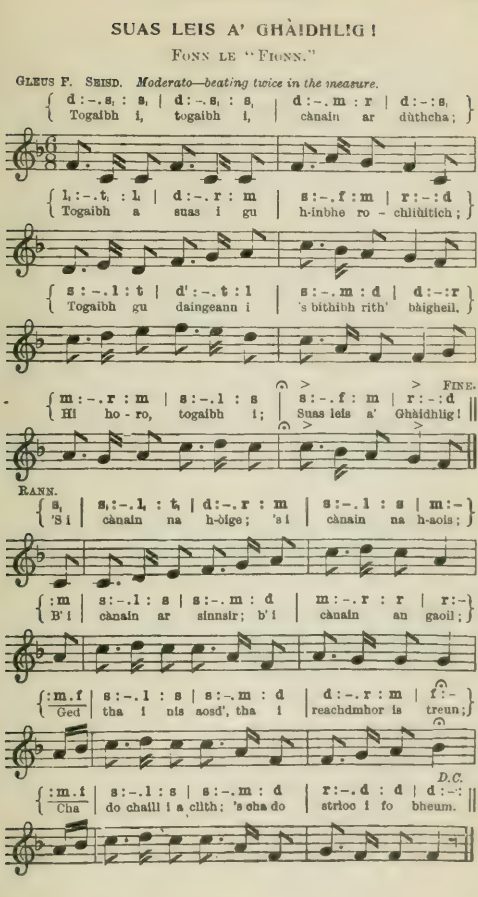
From his experience as a teacher of Gaelic, Mr Reid felt the need of getting our Highland youth to take a deeper interest in their language and literature. With this object in view, he, in connection with his Gaelic classes, and with the assistance of some of his students, founded in 1894 the Glasgow High School Gaelic Ceilidh, and acted as President thereof from its formation till 1902, and from that date until his death in 1912 he was Hon. President. Highlanders young and old of both sexes joined the Ceilidh. A Celtic library was started, and is now an important adjunct and auxiliary. The meetings were attractive and instructive, and by this means he secured a great number of willing co-workers in the field of Celtic literature.

He died at Glasgow on the 7th of February 1912 at the age of sixty-three.

SUAS LEIS A' GHÀIDHLIG!

FONN LE "FIONN."

GLEUS F. SEISD. *Moderato—beating twice in the measure.*



SEISD:—

Togaibh i, togaibh i, cànain ar dùthcha;
Togaibh a suas i gu h-inbhe ro chliùitich;
Togaibh gu daingeann i 's bithibh rith' bàigheil,
Hì ho-ró, togaibh i; suas leis a' Ghàidhlig!

'S i cànain na h-òige, 's i cànain na h-aois,
B'i cànain ar sinnsir, b'i cànain an gaoil;
'S ged tha i nis aosd', tha i reachdmhor is treun;
Cha do chaill i a clìth, 's cha do strìoc i fo bheum.

Togaibh i, &c.

Tha mòr-shruth na Beurla a' bagradh gu cruaidh
Ar cànain 's ar dùthchas a shlugadh a suas,
Ach seasamaid dìleas ri cànain ar gaoil,
'Us cha 'n fhaigh i am bàs gu ruig deireadh an t-saoghail.

Togaibh i, &c.

A dh' aindeoin gach ionnsuidh a thugadh le nàmh
A chòirichean priseil a spùinneadh o'n Ghàidheal,
Cha lasaich e chaoidh gus am faigh e a bhuaidh
Thar gach mì-run 'us eucoir a dh'fhaodas a ruaig.

Togaibh i, &c.

O! togaibh ur guth as leth cànain nam beann,
Is cluinnteadh a fuaim air feadh mhonadh is ghleann,
Ard sheinnibh a cliù ann am bàrdachd 's an ceòl,
'Us na leigibh le coimhich a masladh r'ar beò.

Togaibh i, &c.

A Chlanna nan Gàidheal! bithidh seasmhach is dlùth,
Ri guaillibh a chéile a' cosnadh gach cliù;
O, seasaibh gu gaisgeil ri cànain ur gràidh
'Us na tréigibh a' Ghàidhlig a nis no gu bràth.

Togaibh i, &c.

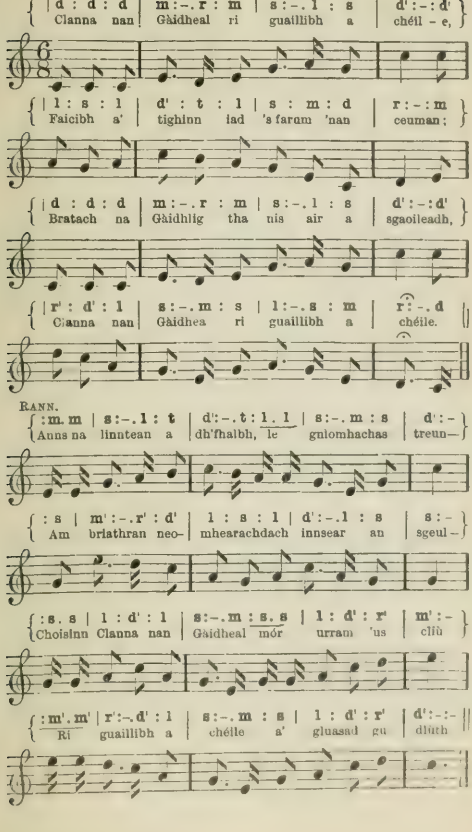
O! togaibh a bratach gu h-àrd anns an tìr
'S biodh litrichean maireannach sgrìobht' air gach crìdh':
Cha tréig sinn a' Ghàidhlig, 's cha chaill i an deò;
Cànain mhùirneach ar dùthcha, cha tréig sinn r'ar beò.

Togaibh i, &c.

RI GUAILLIBH A CHÉILE.

FONN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS C. SEISD.



SEISD:—

Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a chéile,
Faicibh a' tighinn iad 's farum 'n an ceuman;
Bratach na Gàidhlig tha nis air a sgaoileadh,
Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a chéile.

Anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh, le gnìomhachas treun—
Am briathran neo-mhearachdach innsear an sgeul—
Choisinn Clanna nan Gàidheal mór urram 'us cliù
Ri guaillibh a chéile a' gluasad gu dlùth.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

Tha eachdraidh na dùthcha a' cur dhuinn an céill,
Nuair 'bhagradh glas-ghuib 'chur air cànain an gaoil,
Mar dh'éirich iad suas, dh' aindheoin peanais 'us bàis,
A shaoradh an dùthcha bho chruaidh-chuing an tràill.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

Chaidh òrdugh Righ Sheumais am mach anns an tìr,
An cànain 's an dùthchas a bhristeadh a sìos;
Ach sheas iad gu dìleas, 'us ghleidh iad gu slàn
An còirichean dùthchail an aghaidh gach nàmh.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

Tha cunnartan fhathasd a' bagradh gu teann
Ar cànain 's ar dùthchas a chur bun os ceann;
Tha 'Ghàidhlig a' gearan 's ag éigheach gu cruaidh,
Gu 'm bheil cànain a' choigrich a' faotainn na buaidh.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

Tha sean chleachdan nan Gàidheal gu luath 'dol an dìth,
'Us dian-shruth an fhasain 'g an sguabadh a sìos;
'S mur togar a suas iad le oidhirpean teann,
Gu bràth tha iad caillte do shliochd Thìr nam Beann.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

A Chlanna nan Gàidheal! gabhaibh earail 's an àm—
Bi'bh dìleas d' ur dùthaich, d' ur cànain, 's d' ur dream;
O! gleidhibh an dìleab a thugadh dhuibh slàn,
'Us deagh-chliù ur n-athraichean leanaibh a ghnàth.

Clanna nan Gàidheal, &c.

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Am fear a tha gun sith,
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Togaidh e cridhe
Gach [illegible] tha fo
Théid am fear tinn
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